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A SOCIALIST CIVILIZATION

BY G. D. H. COLE

WHAT are we to do, now that the impulses that drove on capitalism to ever-new material victories up to a little while ago have died out, and we are forced, willy-nilly, to set about the making of a new world? We have two working models before us, which we can imitate if we will—the Communism of the Soviet Union and German Nazism—and each offers a powerful challenge to the institutions and the ideas amid which we have lived. In one sense, Nazism preserves capitalism, whereas Communism sweeps it ruthlessly away. But in another sense Nazism too saps the foundations of capitalism, and offers a solution of the economic and social problems radically different from the capitalist solution as it has been offered to us in the past. Shall we choose either of these as the basis for the new civilization which we must begin building even now, while we are at war? Or, if we reject them both, what have we, more than a barren negation, to work for in their stead?

There are, in the capitalism under which we have been living, certain human values which are not to be despised. When the last word has been said about the injustices of capitalist society, about the poverty of the many on which are built the luxury and power of the few, and about the misuse of the means to create wealth under the stimulus of the profit motive, it remains true that under capitalism the peoples in the more advanced countries were for a long time getting healthier, wealthier, better educated and more tolerant of one another, and, I feel sure, happier on the whole than they had been under pre-capitalist conditions. It is true that in many respects capitalism itself first created the abuses which it then claimed the credit of curing, at least in part. Capitalism first made the slums of our industrial cities, and then made a great merit of beginning to pull them down. But I do not believe that any objectively minded person with a fair amount of historical knowledge can seriously dispute that, on the average, the populations of the advanced capitalist countries were, in the

early years of the present century, better off than the populations of these same countries have been at any previous period of which we know. There were, indeed, most unpleasing skeletons still in the capitalist cupboards—slum areas, stagnant pools of unwanted and sometimes unemployable manpower, stunted, maimed and thwarted human beings pushed away out of sight in asylums, workhouses, infirmaries and prisons, where they need not offend the sight of the more fortunate. But these evils, though still acute, were less than they had been; and, by and large, a greater proportion of the whole people than ever before had a chance of healthy and decent living to a ripe age, and, I believe, therewith a chance of being tolerably happy.

For me, and for every reader of this review, the achievements of the nineteenth century had another value which counted for much. We and our like had more freedom to speak our minds and to live how we pleased without fear of policemen and social superiors than, I suppose, so large a section of any population had ever enjoyed before for any considerable length of time. There were limits to this freedom; and it was, of course, very much narrower for those who had to fear the economic victimization of employers than for those who had to fear only legal repressions. But, when account has been taken of the narrowing limits of freedom among the poorer part of the people, and of the fact that many kinds of freedom are in practice open only to those who can afford to pay for them, I think it must be agreed that, in this country, there was for the workman as well as for the middle classes a wider freedom than his like had ever enjoyed before in any large society.

Now, this freedom was to a great extent the outcome of the very same forces as the developed capitalist system. When the capitalist, intent on freedom to trade as he pleased, told the State to keep its hands off his affairs, he was also telling it, incidentally, to keep its hands off men's private lives. His religion, marching with his economics, bade the State leave alone men's souls as well as the affairs of their bodies. Given a free hand, he would build them chapels as well as factories; and, as long as he was free to hire their working hours, he would have them left free to do pretty much what they chose with the hours that were left—provided, of course, that they kept their hands off the rights of property. Freedom of worship, which the capitalist wanted, meant in practice a considerable freedom of thought. Nor could he long deny to the workers that freedom of political and economic association

which he wanted for himself in order to make the position of capitalism secure.

Moreover, increasing wealth meant, under capitalism as we knew it, an enlargement of freedom that was almost automatic. To get richer is, up to a point, also to get freer; and the point at which this ceases to be true is far beyond the riches of the great majority. Men can of course be slaves, though rich; but, *ceteris paribus*, a surplus of income over bare needs is a gift of freedom.

The defenders of capitalism play their best card when they call for its maintenance in the name of freedom. Economists grow lyrical in praise of the consumers' freedom of choice which exists under *laisser-faire*. Politicians denounce Communist Russia as the home of a political tyranny unknown in the milder climate of capitalist democracy. Authors value a multiplicity of publishers, and a reading public that is free to pick and choose. Even Labour leaders sometimes behave as if they had a preference for a capitalism that is prepared to bargain with them politely, and leaves their Trade Unions largely free from regimentation by the State. Even poor people often have a feeling that they know where they are with capitalism, and give it the preference over any alternative which looks like upsetting their accustomed ways and endowing any sort of State with a very much greater power over their lives.

The error in this point of view is the belief that, with capitalism, you know where you are. It is natural for the well-to-do, and even for the not well-to-do who feel that they have at any rate a fairly assured position while the present order lasts, to hanker after things they have known and tried in a world which threatens them daily with upheaval and disaster. They have no wish to join the chorus of *Heil, Hitler!* and none either to merge themselves in the classless totalitarianism of the Soviet Union. They would much prefer to rub along as before, if they were let, making improvements here and there, without any sudden turning upside down of the conditions to which they are used. They do not see why democracy, working along the familiar parliamentary lines, should not go on milking capitalism for further concessions without all this unnecessary fuss about building a brave new world.

But it won't do. It won't work out that way. Hitler and Stalin are not mere historical accidents. They are men who have taken command of the new forces which twentieth-century science and discovery have set free. Their success is due to

their understanding of these forces, and of the conditions of their effective use. Just as the armies of France, reputed the best in Europe, went down like ninepins before the Nazis because their generals persisted in waging old-fashioned warfare against an enemy abreast of every modern device, so the old capitalist civilization will go down before Hitler or Stalin—who knows which?—unless we ourselves fashion out of it something new that is strong enough, and abreast enough of the technique of the times, to beat Hitler at his own game. Stalin we do not need to beat: he watches, ready to seize on the inheritance of both combatants if they wear each other out, or to come to terms with the victor, if victor there be.

What can we fashion that will meet our need—except a Socialist society? A society different from that of Russia because its heritage will be different, because it will emerge not out of Czardom and the desperate poverty and ignorance of the masses in Russia, but out of a capitalism in possession of values that are well worth preserving—values widely though unequally diffused among the people, and rooted in their habits and ways of thought. The great question is this, can we put behind Socialism of this sort—democratic Socialism—the driving force which will enable it to stand up to the blows of the Totalitarians, and, even while keeping the enemy from the gates, build strong foundations for the peace and for the new ways of living that are imposed upon us by man's victories over the forces of nature?

What, in outline, are the essential qualities that we must build into the walls and strong places of our new City? That we must make it strong, goes without saying: there must be no room in it for idleness or for parasites; for the City cannot be strong unless it can find scope for all its citizens to labour in the common service. We cannot therefore any longer allow the business or idleness of any man to depend on the fiat of some other man, or some great impersonal company, that sees, or does not see, a prospect of profit from employing him. The Right to Work, and therewith the Right to Leisure after work, must be built into our new foundations. But the Right to Work implies the power to provide work. It implies that the society as a whole, and not some private employer, is to be the arbiter in deciding what work is to be done. It implies the collective planning and control of the industrial effort of the people, with need, not profit, as the criterion of worthwhileness in setting men to work. The Right to Work is the cornerstone of Socialism, because it implies Socialism.

But—can we have the Right to Work without imposing the tyranny of the State upon the people? There is no unemployment, none that matters, in the Soviet Union—or in Nazi Germany. But is there any freedom, either? Can we abolish unemployment without introducing what Mr. Hilaire Belloc has called 'The Servile State'?

Why not? The conditions imposed on us by modern industrial technique require that the factory and the mine shall be organized for production in accordance with a general plan, and that it shall not be left to private proprietors to decide whether it is or is not worth while to employ these instruments of production. But there is no need, even in time of war—much less in time of peace—to apply to the main body of the workers any compulsion to work in a particular establishment. In wartime, it may be necessary to order a few key men, highly skilled workers, to go where their services are most urgently needed. But even in war that is exceptional; and under peace conditions there is no reason why it should happen at all. Under a socialised economic system the worker can be left full freedom to change his place of employment or his job—indeed, he can be given much more freedom than he has now, by making it easier for men who have made a wrong choice at the outset to learn a new trade. This will not happen automatically under Socialism; but it can happen, if we want it to happen, and that it should happen is fully consistent with the technical conditions of twentieth-century production.

It is one clear lesson of the war that it is the employer, the business firm, and not the workers that have to be disciplined in the interest of maximum output. It is the individualism of business in some trades, and equally the restrictiveness which develops wherever capitalist businesses shed their individualism and join together in combines and trade associations, that hamper the productive effort. Organize the factories and bring them under a common direction seeking not maximum profit but maximum production of useful goods, and there will be no need to coerce labour. Labour, with its strong tradition of trade union solidarity behind it, will organize itself for the task of co-operating in the common plan. It is doing this to-day, with signal success; what stands in the way is the rooted fear of business men that if they throw down the barriers in the way of higher production, the post-war world will become glutted with goods for which there will be no market when the abnormal demands of warring States have ceased.

The workman can have freedom under the new large-scale industrialism, provided that the employer is not left free to damp down production in order to preserve his profits. But this implies that the State will be able to find markets for everything that can be produced. This in its turn implies something else. The Nazis have been able to banish unemployment because from their very advent they have been producing intensively with a view to war. Under such conditions, full employment is quite consistent with a low standard of living for the mass of the people. War preparation involves a low standard, because it, like war itself, diverts a large part of the national man-power and machine-power to meeting the special demands of the Government. But under the conditions of peace full employment requires a high standard of living among the main body of the people, as a means of distributing the expanding output of industry. It may be objected that in the Soviet Union the standard of living remains low. But there are good reasons for that. The Russians started from a desperately low standard; they have been using a large part of their still inadequate skill and industrial equipment in order to achieve a very rapid accumulation of capital—necessarily at the expense of immediate consumption; and in addition they have been compelled by the state of the world beyond their borders to use a further large part of their resources on war preparation. Not even Socialism can prevent a people from being poor at such a conjuncture.

But in our case standards of living are already relatively high, and the demand for new capital equipment can be met, even if we decide on very large measures of economic reorganization, by a tiny fraction of our total productive resources. If we can but get rid of the need to prepare for war, and use all our resources for improving standards of living, we have all the ingredients to our hands for making a rapid advance in the arts of life. Managerial capacity and manual skill are ours in abundance: it is the want of central drive and direction towards a diffused welfare that holds us back.

In order to achieve this drive, we shall have to base incomes on what we can produce, instead of limiting production to what incomes can buy. The employer who refrains from production for fear of glutting the market thereby destroys the market, and helps to make his fears come true. It is an essential part of any planning for welfare, such as Socialism connotes, that incomes shall be planned to correspond to productive capacity, and shall be well diffused. "Money is like muck, not good

unless it be well spread." Adequate consumers' demand requires that incomes shall not be left, any more than production, to be settled by the higgling of the market, but shall be planned so as to yield the largest possible sum-total of welfare.

Socialism, however, though it involves a generous approach to economic equality, is not wholly a bread and butter question. It is also, and ultimately, a question of the spirit of man. As giant power spreads over the world, as the units of production grow larger and the units of business control much larger still, the mass of men pass more and more under the domination of the machine. Immensely greater power to control the lives of the many passes into the hands of the few—as long as the few are allowed to own and manipulate the machines. This is true not only of industry, or of warfare: it is true of propaganda also, with its new techniques of psychological approach. Individualism and *laisser-faire* quite change their practical meaning when the individual comes to mean in practice a great capitalist trust or a newspaper syndicate with unlimited capital at its back. It is useless to wish these giants away, or to sigh for the joys of an age of little things. There can be no peace for the soul of man, and no space for the individual to live his own life, till we have learnt by collective action to subordinate these monsters to our needs.

This is our task for to-day and tomorrow—to subdue these giants to our will without making them at the same time the masters of our spirit. I am not a Communist, but a Democratic Socialist, precisely because I fear that a Communist Revolution, by sweeping too much away, would enthrone in the minds of the new generation the iron spirit of the mass-producing machine, whereas a milder Socialist Revolution could bring to the control of the machine the liberal spirit that values difference, and reckons suffering at a high rate in the scale of things to be put down.

But the danger is that this liberal spirit may be perverted into mere negation, or into sloth. It is disastrously easy to make tolerance an excuse for inaction, and to mistake laziness and cowardice for judicious caution and a humane temper. It is easy to do nothing, on plea of the danger of doing the wrong thing. These perversions are disastrous in the world of to-day, when science is forcing upon all men vast readjustments in their ways of life, and every new discovery can be seized upon as a weapon of rapine unless it is promptly harnessed to creative use. Every invention, every advance in man's know-

ledge, is *michin mallecho* unless it is collectively controlled in the service of the common people. Socialism is, in the last resort, simply the means to this control. A Socialist civilization is one in which the past victories of humanity are not thrown away, or bombed into unrecognizable fragments because they have been misapplied, but are used as a basis for further conquests in the interests of ordinary, decent people. The trouble is that these ordinary, decent people, who claim for the most part nothing better than to be let alone, cannot be let alone until the world has settled its fate anew. The bombs will fall upon them, the giant machine will bind them to the will of its masters, the megaphones will blare propaganda at them, and they will live unquiet lives, until they themselves realize that, for very peace and quietness, they must do for themselves what no political sect can do without them—claim their right to be free, not by turning their backs on the juggernauts that ride over them, but by facing manfully the task of bringing these monsters under collective, democratic, Socialist control.

NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND INDUSTRY:

A step towards the new order in Europe

By Balbus

TO proposals for any form of federal or commonwealth organization for Europe, the stock objection is "what about Germany?" This is merely the particular and obvious form of a more general question—how is any one nation to be prevented from breaking the rules and setting out on the path of rearmament and aggression? The orthodox federalist answer is, by means of an international armed force. But it takes time to build up an armed force which shall be truly super-national, in the sense of having an *esprit de corps* and a loyalty which will resist the temptation to break up in nationalist terms if national interests come into play. The tough realist asserts that some great power must take the responsibility for keeping the supernational organism together and preventing any national break-aways, by the frank use of overriding force.

There is truth in both views. We must set about building up some sort of European army and air-force as quickly as possible; yet Britain will clearly have to assume considerable policing responsibilities for a space after the war. But Europe needs every piece of machinery that might serve to weaken nationalist power and to make war less likely: and in modern conditions we look naturally to see whether some economic machinery cannot be devised to this end. Modern war has become total and elaborately technological. It cannot be successfully waged without concentrating enormous industrial production to back it. Internationally-operating armament firms have been accused of responsibility for war; but as a matter of fact Germany deliberately nationalized its armaments production. Is there no method by which the industrial potential of Europe can be taken out of the sovereign control of national States, and so prevented from being mobilized in

support of militarist national policies? Putting the matter in another way, can we not evolve some non-nationalist superstructure for European industry, which will *ipso facto* prevent nationalist preparations for war on the total scale that modern conditions demand?

There is a possibility of doing this, but only if we plan the necessary machinery with care. The following suggestion is the outcome of numerous discussions between experts in various fields. Above all, we must see how far the needs of the reconstruction period can be converted into the opportunities of the New Order that we hope will succeed it. The immediate post-war needs will be immense and pressing. The alleviation of hunger and disease—very possibly famine and pestilence—will be the most urgent. The next will be the repair of communications to serve as the basis for trade and normal life in general—neglected roads, blown-up bridges, worn-out track and over-worked rolling-stock on the railroads, bombed ports, damaged canals. A third will be the reconstruction of housing accommodation. A fourth will be the restoration of European agriculture and its adaptation to new conditions. And a fifth, also urgent, will be the restoration of industrial production and its conversion to peace-time functions. In respect of this last, we must remember that enormous physical damage is being done to industrial plants of every kind, especially in western Germany. After the last war, one of the great problems was to scale down hypertrophied war industries to a peace level. After this war, that problem may not exist, at any rate for certain industries: an example is the synthetic oil industry of Germany, which must even now have been so severely damaged as to set it back several years below the level it had reached by the outbreak of war. Anyhow, quite apart from physical destruction, machines will have been overworked and in urgent need of repair or replacement.

The first essentials are to ensure that help goes first where it is needed, that neither commercial interests nor luxury demands are allowed to interfere with the priorities that the situation calls for, and that Europe is not once more exposed to the instability resulting from her needs being serviced by short-termed and unplanned private lending. We must never forget that the sudden withdrawal of American loans at the outset of the great depression was one of the major factors which helped the Nazi party to seize power. However, it is not likely that private lending by American financiers will again be countenanced by American public opinion, which will be very

much concerned to see that American money does not get to the Thyssens or Krupps of the post-war world.

This means that the allotment of all credits and raw materials for reconstruction must be entrusted to an authoritative international body. Let us call it the Reconstruction Commission. Private lending is primarily determined by the 'credit-worthiness' of particular individuals or institutions; but the Reconstruction Commission will be able to assign credits to any area in relation to need, which, as the experience of our own distressed areas shows, is often in inverse relation to credit-worthiness. In general, it is clear that the programme of reconstruction must be conceived in terms of the fundamental economic realities—the quantity of man-hours and of materials available. This is the key to the whole problem. The Reconstruction Commission must be in control of the basic agencies of production, including the physical movement of essential materials.

Various consequences follow. The British blockade has not only a negative but a positive aspect; it is being employed to help neutral countries to cover their needs. This positive part of its machinery must be kept intact and placed at the disposal of the Reconstruction Commission. Again, the British Ministry of Shipping gives orders to the largest mercantile fleet ever assembled under one control. This machinery of shipping control must also be kept intact to ensure that priority of shipping space is allotted to those materials most urgently needed, and not diverted to luxury goods or materials of secondary importance.

It is in the allotment of raw materials and the necessary credits that the Reconstruction Commission could make its contribution to later stability. A glance at an atlas of economic geography will show that a large part of European industry, notably but by no means entirely heavy industry, is concentrated in regions which cut right across national boundaries. It is often stated that Germany cannot avoid being the industrial centre of the new Europe: but this is the reverse of the truth, and shows the hypnotic power of the idea of nationalism.

The most obvious case is that great concentration of coal mining and heavy industry in the Ruhr, the Saar, Luxemburg, Lorraine and N.E. France and Eastern Belgium. Another striking example is that of the Silesias. The shipping and shipbuilding industries of Europe are largely concentrated round the North and Irish seas, the Baltic and the English Channel,

and there are other conspicuous cases of industrial areas overlapping political boundaries. In many cases a regional grouping appropriate for one group of industries will cut right across the grouping appropriate to another and there is no reason why they should all coincide.

Acute economic nationalism and competitive individualism have placed every obstacle in the way of organizing these industries as a whole. Yet the tendency towards pooling of ownership and markets was in some cases already becoming irresistible during the 'thirties. After they have been organized in one economic area under the German occupation it will be as hopeless to go back to the pre-war anarchy as it was to restore all the German princelings after Napoleon.

In several cases, functional agreements have been made which imply a considerable degree of industrial unification across frontiers, such as the European iron and steel cartel, the aluminium cartel and the asbestos and chemical industries.

However, such organizations have been purely the affair of big business and have been irresponsible in the sense that they have been subject to no control in the general interest. The results have been largely unfortunate since even where labour standards have been fair the consumer has often suffered from inflated prices. The social irresponsibility of big business is reflected in the fact that business fortunes have been used more than once to defeat democracy by subsidizing Nazi and Fascist movements.

Other components of European industry are "unnatural". Some are functionally unnatural, in having been fostered solely for nationalist purposes, whether for direct armaments production, or to secure a greater degree of autarky. Others are unnatural in regard to location, having been moved away from their natural site in order to lessen the risk of destruction in war. Examples of the first type are some (though by no means all) *Ersatz* synthetic industries, and of the second the Hermann Goering works. Similarly, many German aeroplane factories are now being located along the Baltic coast in Prussia, to escape bombing.

The Reconstruction Commission could aid the natural geographical development of industry, and discourage its subordination to purely nationalist aims, by insisting that access to credits and to the key raw materials should be conditional upon the formation of regional industrial associations overriding national boundaries. Such associations must represent all undertakings in the industries concerned, and must bind

themselves to submit programmes of production and marketing. If these programmes did not conform to the demands of consumers or were liable to assist illicit national armaments, requests for credits and raw materials would be turned down. If any firm or group of firms tried to break away, they would be helpless, as the Commission would have control of the channels of supply as well as of the supplies themselves.

Such a system would be of the greatest importance for the handling of the reconstruction problem—for instance, in determining priority among different countries for the rebuilding of devastated areas and damaged factories, or in guiding industrial production along the most suitable channels.

However, what concerns us here is its implications for the post-reconstruction period. If the supply of certain key raw materials to the factories and works can continue to be organized exclusively through regional industrial associations, then the economic ground will have been cut from under the feet of any attempt at militaristic national revival.

The most obvious method would be, first, to set up a Raw Materials Union as part of the political settlement. This would of necessity have to include the British Commonwealth, with the Dominions and Colonies, and the U.S.A., and as many other countries as were desirous of joining and willing to abide by its regulations. As its advantages became manifest, new countries would doubtless wish to join. It would probably be desirable to maintain some degree of control over shipping facilities also.

The control of production and supply would be organized with reference to a series of key raw materials. About ten or a dozen raw material controls would suffice—for iron, tin, copper, nickel, various rare metals, oil, rubber, cotton, wool, and sugar. Other products are not so essential, though the success of the tea control scheme shows what could be done; and still others, such as wheat, present grave difficulties of organization.

Each Raw Material Control would contain representatives of producers, of the Governments most concerned both with the production and consumption of the material, and others as disinterested observers. The various Controls would be under the general supervision of an organ of the Union, which would have functions of review and regulation and would lay down the general conditions under which the separate control schemes would operate. Bodies that we may call Area Distributives would be set up to act as intermediaries between the

control organizations for separate raw materials and the industrial associations in each major region. They would be compulsory producer co-operatives for buying and distributing the key raw materials. The Reconstruction Commission would presumably become transformed in the European Distributive and others would be set up in other major regions as found possible.

Such a system would not be able to operate in a purely restrictive way, or in the sole interest of producers; it would be taking over the complex machinery of cartels and international controls developed piecemeal in the last ten years or so, and adapting it on an international scale, to promote increased stability and increased consumption. It would also be able to perpetuate the anti-national structure of industry evolved for Western Europe by the Reconstruction Commission. Any country which, for instance, attempted to break away from this co-operative system and to build up prohibited armaments, would find the ground cut from under its feet, as the necessary industries would be dependent for their very existence on conforming to the terms of the Raw Materials Union. Any single industry or group of industries attempting to break away from a regional association would, as during the reconstruction period, automatically cease to be able to function efficiently, since it would be at once deprived of certain essential supplies.

Previous schemes for sanctions have failed chiefly because elaborate machinery had to be built up and political decisions taken before they could be put into effect, and even then hesitation on the part of one or two powers could and did wreck the whole scheme. With such an organization as here proposed, the machinery is provided beforehand, is automatic, and constitutes at one and the same time machinery for normal production and distribution and also machinery for sanctions; the majority of the industrial countries would already be in the organization, and could not get out of it without damaging their own interests.

There is widespread agreement that national sovereignty must be limited. The problem is just how to limit it. It is difficult to obtain agreement for juridical limitation, as in a Federal Scheme, and difficult to define the precise degree of limitation requisite. Under such a scheme as here proposed, these difficulties largely disappear. National sovereignty in regard to certain vital economic activities would be limited not *de jure* but *de facto*.

The American Constitution provides checks and counter-checks as between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary. Our raw material control organization would provide checks and counter-checks, in the shape of separation of powers, as between the political and economic activities of nations.

THE REAL COLONIAL QUESTION

By Professor W. M. Macmillan

WHILE turning over in my mind the topic set me for one of the "Programme for Victory" autumn lectures of the Fabian Society, *Freedom for the Colonial Peoples*, I happened upon Dr. Julian Huxley's article, *The Future of Colonies*.* It was very heartening to find that our angle of approach was almost identical—so much so that when I looked again at what I had been writing I had an uneasy feeling that I might be thought to have been plagiarising Dr. Huxley's very words! He too made his starting point "the fundamental backwardness, political, social and intellectual, of almost all colonial regions"—and the fact that almost all the colonies of to-day are in the difficult environment of the tropics. So long as this backwardness continues unremedied the colonies are always liable to be a cause of uneasy equilibrium in world affairs. It is a great matter that this is at last being more widely recognized as the real colonial question. I hope it may serve a useful purpose if I try to develop Dr. Huxley's argument and perhaps carry it a stage further.

It is worth insisting, at the outset, that the weakness of the colonies is rarely if ever a condition induced by outside "Imperialist" pressure, but rather something inherent. This does not mean to say that colonies must always remain colonies. But so many people accept an *a priori* theory of Imperialism evolved by Karl Marx in London, and further developed by Lenin, with little or no attempt to relate the theory to conditions in any actual "Empire". So far as any colonies come into the picture drawn by English writers it is chiefly the South Africa of Boer War days, and that small but prominent group, a minority actually, where Europeans have tried to grapple with nature themselves—and have been on the whole very far from completely successful. Though boasting their own superior efficiency, Europeans soon found themselves in difficulties and took to blaming the inefficiency of the only help they could get—that of the backward "natives". Hence the stress in the older colonies on the "inherent" inefficiency

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due to "colour"—and hence also the sometimes virulent, though probably largely defensive anti-black feeling, above all among "poor whites". I myself first came to understand something of the condition of Africans through an apprenticeship spent in the study of poor whites in South Africa.

Some evil consequences of the white intrusion are obvious—the state of the West Indian proletariat (the descendants of landless, socially disorganized slaves), the dislocation of the Native land and agricultural system in some parts of Africa, the abuses of the wage-system both on European-owned plantations or farms and in mining or other industry. These typical facets of "the Native Question" drove most of us to think of the colonial question as primarily connected with *land*, or at most with Settlers' rights, and those of agricultural or mining labour. After years of battling with the too obvious evils of "contact" in South Africa I first approached the tropics (where most of the colonies now are) with a wholly negative ambition to save these newer areas (only a few of the tropical colonies have been British more than fifty years), from falling into South African mistakes. For a long time I was so struck with the comparative freedom of the non-settled tropics that I missed almost completely the extent of their defects and natural deficiencies. It is not only the Natives who have been defeated; the best brains of the Western world are only just beginning to learn how to cope with the forces of nature as they manifest themselves in their tropical form.

It was only after years of familiarity that I myself began to understand something of the dimensions of the problem—in the end my experience was something like "sudden conversion". Faced one day—in the course of a wearing motor drive in a remote part of the Sierra Leone Protectorate—with the sudden necessity of improvising a speech to a crowd of schoolboys, all at once I seemed to get a clearer vision of the life task lying ahead of the boys in the audience, and of their kind elsewhere. As I looked helplessly round at the African "bush" hemming us in on every side, I got my text—the battle with the bush. Even for a garden, much more for desirable export crops, to yield more than bare subsistence, that tangle of bush had to be cleared. This alone was labour for many hands, but the hands were not numerous even in this, an average district of the Protectorate carrying the highest average density of population of any British colony in Africa, (So much, incidentally, for African employers' frequent experience of "labour shortage").

Then the work of clearing the bush is itself arduous. Yet this area, like so many more in the tropics, is heavily infested with malaria; and malaria, we know, lays its victims open to the ravages of the many other infections with which the tropics abound. Yet the nearest hospital was fifty miles away. Prevention in this case is better than cure and preventive measures are possible. It is however a matter for expert inquiry to determine what preventive measures to try—and the initial cost of any effective plan is far beyond local ability to pay.

The work of bush clearing, and also the fight with malaria, need a well nourished people. The facts about Colonial nutrition are at last becoming notorious. Everywhere there is an excess of carbohydrates, a general deficiency of protein, at least a seasonal shortage of protective foods, therefore of vitamins, in seasons of heavy rainfall even a shortage of vitamin D. normally supplied by abundant sunlight. One small area of West Africa boasts an abundance of red palm oil which is a rich source of vitamin A, and probably that accounts for a relatively dense population in notorious climatic conditions. But over and above these dietetic deficiencies there are months before the harvest in all areas, often known as the "hunger months", when even the staple cereal crops are short. Everywhere milk is scarce and impure, and in many parts completely lacking because cattle keeping is impossible.

The want of cattle, in turn, affects not only the supply of milk and of animal protein. It also gravely complicates the problem of agriculture when the bush has been cleared, since it means there is no ready supply of animal manure. Inherited experience has led the people to supply this lack in part by the practice of shifting agriculture. Increase of population, however, the use of the plough, and the drive to bring more soil under economic crops, all combine to put limits to this practice, and without fertilization the soil soon begins to suffer. In any case tropical soil stripped of its bush cover rapidly deteriorates from the combined influence of heavy rain and fierce sun—and this not only where the pressure of European settlers on the land has caused serious over-grazing. The worst of it is that even modern agricultural science has by no means clearly and finally established any real alternative to "shifting cultivation" —or any sure specific for the conservation of the soil under tropical conditions.

Such being the physical background, what of the people? Critics of Imperialism are undoubtedly right to fix on their

poverty as a leading characteristic,—but this poverty, which is absolute, is natural, and very little induced by outside pressure. It was part of my education to get used to finding poverty every whit as abject as any resulting from the effects of landlessness in South Africa in parts quite untouched by white influence. The people it is true have a strong sense of family, if not of tribe, and a tradition of mutual help within that family unit, and their life acquired a certain coherence from the routine of work and the few festivals of birth, marriage, or death. The possibility that that coherence, narrow as it was, may be broken, blinds many sentimental people at home both to the limitations of the old and to the possibility, indeed the necessity, of these peoples building a new and fuller life. The primitive peoples could not in any sense be called *free*. As things are, the individual lives under threat of famine or disease—and in constant fear of their supposed supernatural causes. He lives too under a perpetual obligation to his fellows, particularly the elders of the family and of the wife's or husband's family. The modern educated African is tied down by mercenary family claims. The alternative to the 'contact' which is often so much deplored, was a deadening isolation.

But among the colonial peoples themselves a new ferment is working. Ten years ago the Sierra Leone school I spoke of did not exist—it would in fact have cost me a ten days' tramp to get to the district at all—and that school is entirely staffed by Africans. There is no doubt about the aspirations that have brought the boys there, and to many schools like it—as I have seen them anywhere from Tanganyika to the West Indies. To all these people we appear to have advantages they passionately desire to share. Learning is to them really the key to a new world. It is therefore just no use trying to preserve or impose the *status quo*,—whatever that may be in this changing world—the people themselves do not want to be left as they are, or were. They themselves look hopefully for what we too in our braver days used to call "progress".

The elements in the problem thus presented will be clear only if we concentrate on the central issue of "backwardness" as I have tried to sketch it. The "Native Question" has utterly overlaid and obscured the fundamental issue—the poverty of the land itself, and therefore of its people. For example South African difficulties are so severe because South Africans will always think in terms of *colour*, ignoring the prior facts of the backwardness that made their "Natives"

start in the struggle from far behind scratch. These troubles are results, not causes. On the other hand some of the colonial peoples themselves, and their champions, often forget that the presence of Europeans has had a better and more hopeful side. The presence of Europeans who think of the country as their home supplies a life-giving element that is lacking in colonies beneficently ruled by a detached, all-sufficient officialdom. Teaching by example is definitely a need, and it is best supplied by those whose knowledge and skill is available on the spot for the training of the colonial peoples. "Native" education in South Africa is in many respects better and more advanced than in most of the tropical colonies beyond.

There is also the capital brought or attracted by white colonists. Such torrents of capital as went to the making of certain colonies into Dominions—went even to the making of the United States of America (*went, and never came back!*)—have never been attracted by the "glittering prizes" of the typical Crown Colonies. Owing to the weakness due to their want of capital resources many white colonists have been guilty of selfish mistakes—I have sometimes said that it is an advantage that employers, especially of native labour, should be *strong* enough to be enlightened. Thus the Rand Mines were pioneers in the matter of health services, and above all in their experiments to improve African diet—the mines of the African Copper Belt, and some in West Africa, have led similarly at least in anti-malaria work, housing and sanitation. I have said that my own education began with the study of poor whites. I must testify also that it was from the example set by the better employers up and down Africa (far more than by Governments) that I came at last, gradually, to get a clearer comprehension of the needs to be remedied to make all these people more efficient—for their own sakes—and free.

This testimony is the more necessary because to a great many people in the colonies and at home "capital" is still the arch-enemy of colonial welfare—whereas capital (duly controlled) is among the first needs. It is the fact of the matter that we ourselves are only just emerging from the age of *laissez faire*. Health and education were provided in the colonies, if at all, only by unsupported and devoted missionaries. Enterprise was either left wholly to the private individual, or the work left undone. But such after all was the approved teaching of economic science, (the best we had!) Many of the ills ascribed to "economic imperialism" must be fathered rather on the dominant do-nothing economics of the

age that is past. Our sins of omission have been greater than any of commission.

It is in fact only since 1918 that we have begun to show any real sign of comprehending the problems. I suggest this date not because it marks the acceptance of the "principle of trusteeship". That marked a stage, but the less we hear in the future of this "principle" the better. The need is to translate principle into a practical policy by which the backward peoples will come to co-operate with their more advanced partners in tropical development. Their leaders, at least, already grow impatient of being vaguely patronized. Even the plan of Indirect Rule through Native Authorities has suffered from a certain loss of self-confidence that beset us after the last war. The Colonies need "Native Authorities"; but if we threw a little responsibility on these new bodies we also drew back from taking our own share, and secretly rather hoped that by perpetuating Native tradition we might be absolved from making the difficult adjustment of these peoples to a new age. We still lost sight of the real needs of the situation. Yet not so entirely as before. The inter-war years saw at least a few new beginnings. Advisory Committees gave Health and Education some little fillip. The Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad provided a well trained agricultural staff. We established at last a real Colonial Administrative Service. In 1929 we got so far as to institute a small and very limited Colonial Development Fund.

It still took two minor bombshells, (and perhaps a major war as well), to get us more nearly awake to the real colonial question. First came the violent disorders of 1937, throwing the limelight on the deplorable conditions prevailing in almost our oldest colonies, the West Indies. Not long before, Jamaica at least had been held out, to me certainly before I visited it, as probably our best model. Hard on top of this came the Report on *Nutrition in the Colonial Empire*, confirming, what a few had been preaching, that the people of the tropics generally are normally not only ignorant and uneducated, but mal-nourished, or even under-nourished, as well. The result was the very generous and far reaching *Colonial Development and Welfare Act* of 1940. This recognized, in principle, that the people of our own colonies—even if they cannot afford them—have a right to a minimum of social services, and it certainly provides a substantial sum of money to help pay for them. More will be required and is promised, and there is reason to think that we are at last on better lines,

or showing more consciousness of the nature of the work waiting to be done.

We have long suffered from lack of knowledge. The new Development Act rightly provides half a million a year for research—one may hope for strictly scientific work on health, diet, agriculture even more than for social research. Next, and above all, the colonies need capital—or indeed, in the first place *funds*—to equip and maintain schools, colleges, hospitals, and to train and pay for the staff required. Without these economic development is impossible. We have too long been putting the cart before the horse, not only in South Africa.

Given these, the need is for *capital*, for roads, bridges, transport, and for agricultural and industrial development. Moreover, in the past capital in the colonies has been privileged just because it has been so scarce. New capital (and some of the old) must be " controlled ", that is, be required to pay its full share in taxation, and to work for the benefit of the countries it is privileged to " exploit ". This double task, the providing of funds and capital, and the control of capital, will be the test of the new Colonial Act of 1940. Can the British taxpayer shoulder the burden alone? Will he and ought he to? Twenty years ago the backward countries were pronounced to be a " sacred trust of civilization ", and in this faith many have come to hold that the colonial question can be solved only by international co-operation, even by a deliberate process of (blessed word!) " internationalization ".

To a few perhaps the international idea appeals as a means of easing the burden on our own taxpayer. But much more it got its vogue because it seemed one way of avoiding a danger to the peace of Europe. Some in fact felt so strongly our colonial guilt that, without much effort to improve our own practice, they hoped to share the responsibility with others and so absolve ourselves. But I have yet to meet a spokesman of the colonial peoples who favours the idea of being committed to international rule. One power like ourselves is more easily dealt with, and even offers hope of co-operation and ultimate partnership. An International Committee might, certainly the colonies fear that it might, develop into a mere *cartel* for more efficient exploitation of economic resources for the benefit of Europe.

I would even make the point that in the highly important moral sphere British rule has had some notable success no international rule was likely to achieve. In the fight against Nazidom the colonies are wholeheartedly with us, not from

fear but by conviction. The teachers of the Victorian age, missionaries and others, taught the colonial peoples to value good faith, brought them to admire and to aspire to share our political freedom. Even India to-day does not quarrel with our democracy but demands more of it. We shall claim that, whatever their grievances now, British culture had a share in making, or in bringing out, what is best in great leaders like Gandhi and Nehru. So it is in most of the colonies. These cherish their links with us, more alas than we do ours with them. Established links between peoples of different races are all too rare in this mad world. A common culture must at all costs be cherished and preserved, for common moral standards are the surest foundation for peace.

In any case there is as yet no international authority fit and ready to take over the charge—it must be made. Such an international authority must be tried and proved first in Europe itself. We cannot experiment at the expense of the weaker peoples, committing them to an untried rule against which they would have less effective appeal than they have to-day, while we wash our hands of further responsibility. Many would make the Mandate system the starting point, develop the Mandates Commission and extend its too limited powers. But, with all respect for the good influence the Commission has had, surely the Mandate idea is itself a hang-over from the age of *laissez faire*. In conception the Commission is supervisory and preventive—its job is to see, not that the mandatory does right, actively, but that it does *not* do wrong! There is room for international action, distinct from internationalization. But international co-operation must take a positive, constructive part in the colossal work of colonial development—*and help to pay for it.*

Instead of a supervising Mandates Commission we want a Development Board, and indeed a large number of Development Boards, Public Corporations—and they must be *open to international subscription*, and to the co-operation of experts of all nationalities. Dr. Huxley has suggested one excellent model—the American T.V.A., whose work is actually the regeneration of the abused lands of the Tennessee Valley, and of its neglected people. The variety of countries to be served will call for variations of the model—our own semi-independent Comptroller General, with his expert Staff for the West Indies, may be one way out of it. But this is the appropriate field for service, and for contributions, by nationals of any European or American States that seek a share. Scientists, technicians,

doctors, social workers—perhaps particularly women—local administrators, will all be needed. Such Boards will work alongside the Colonial Governments and in consultation with their Assemblies, which will gain new strength from such association. The State they serve will be the Colony, and this should give new and independent centres of being to the Colonies, which would merely be crushed by "international" patronage.

There are, however, also the effects of some international sins of commission to be dealt with. In Africa above all there are artificial and positively harmful boundary divisions to be adjusted. The problem calls not for a transfer of sovereignty, but for a wiping out of the boundaries altogether, and a pooling of resources. In particular, though national administrations will have to continue, there will have to be a real Customs Union, or series of regional Unions—and, it may well be, an international Customs Service.

I have spoken first of economic development, which must be taken to include the educational and medical equipment necessary for progress in all spheres, economic, political and moral. I have also claimed that British "Imperialism" (if you will) has had some success in the two latter, political and moral, making real cultural links. Finally there is one aspect of the question on which Dr. Huxley said little. It is necessary within the British system, so far as it must continue, to secure more effective control of new development by giving to Colonial peoples the means of political self-expression. Here we have a great advantage over our immediate predecessors. We have at last recovered something of the 19th century faith in our own "culture", and in the efficiency, even the inevitability, of democratic institutions. A much bigger share must be found for the tiny minority of educated people in the work that is forward, and a much closer means of consulting them. The first task is to bring more and more of the people up to and beyond their level, but already the educated class is important out of all proportion to its numbers. New personnel in our proposed Development Boards will bring new elements of life and strength. But the Government itself must be improved, not only at the Whitehall end. Whitehall control is sometimes ineffective against the local bureaucracy, rather than either a stimulus or a check. The remedy is to broaden the basis and widen the field of selection for the already greatly improved administrative service, and at the same time to strengthen and develop the local representative machinery.

It remains that till the new schemes of development take effect ultimate control will inevitably remain outside. But if we cannot at a blow, and in the midst of war, or victory, democratize the Empire, I think we can do something more to inform and enlighten the rulers of the Empire. It seems to me a pity that the rise of certain colonies to Dominion and Commonwealth status completely turned thought away from anything even savouring of Imperial Federation. Federation with such immature units as the Colonies is out of the question, but there is room, I think, in their totally different circumstances, for some loose centralization. Some at least of the leading Colonies ought to be directly represented in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster—and that immediately. Strenuously as some of us opposed the abolition of the old Cape Native Franchise, we may learn, I think, from the unexpectedly beneficent influence of direct, even though it is only partial, Native representation in the South African Parliament. I know that this is a move that would be welcomed by the colonial peoples themselves as an assurance of future partnership. The alternative is that peace will be made once more, when it is made, over the heads of the colonial peoples, and without a word spoken to show how it all appears to any of them. The objection that complete representation is impracticable falls away when it is remembered that the aim must not be to take over or interfere with the details of local administration. The aim is solely to guide, instruct and enlighten the Imperial Government itself—and to save all or any of us from ever again being led astray into thinking that the European quarrel known before the war as *the* colonial question is anything like the real colonial question.

CHRISTIANITY AND RECONSTRUCTION

By The Bishop of Chichester

THE Europe now in danger of falling to pieces was built on foundations which have been steadily crumbling. In thinking of a New Europe or New World we have certainly to consider the character of the structure, but by far the most important matter for our thoughts is the nature of the basis on which it is to be raised. In this article I propose to urge that the time is ripe for considering a new world order. I shall then try to show what a supremely important part the Christian religion has to play with regard to its basis. Lastly, I shall attempt to draw certain general conclusions.

I

The war has been going on for a year and a quarter. This war, like other wars, is due to lack of order. The world system out of which the explosion of war burst, was not a just system. The absence of adequate economic machinery for the reciprocal exchange of goods created dissatisfied nations. Men saw the struggle for markets, the closing of trade doors to particular countries, the insecurity and inequality of social conditions in the same nation, and in different nations, the fantastic volume of unemployment! All these things caused despair. They led to attempts to cure the malady by violent means; and, in the end, produced war.

Hitler has protested that Germany is fighting for the creation of a new Europe, and for the freedom and the existence of the German people, now and in the future. British spokesmen have often declared that the war they are waging is for freedom—the freedom of the individual conscience and the freedom of religion, and the abolition of the spirit of militarism. More lately the aim has been, on each side, more peremptorily expressed in the single word "Victory". And side by side with the war aim of "Victory" is the conviction, expressed with the utmost vigour by leaders in both camps, that the war is a war for their lives. And so both Britain and Germany represent themselves as forced to fight to the bitter end in order to secure survival.

Each Power wants to survive. And no one with a sense of justice, from however remote a planet he looked out on this world's war, could deny the rightness of such a desire. But the crux comes when it is pressed—as pressed it is on abundant evidence—that Germany is fighting not only for its existence, but for domination. Germany has already, the argument runs, produced a terrible illustration in her own land, and in neighbouring countries, of the resolve to rule by force. You have in Germany (it cannot be denied) an uprising of Hitlerism, from whatever cause, which, while outwardly uniting the German people, has produced that union by force; by the annihilation of all opposition, the prohibition of freedom of conscience and all freedom, the persecution of the Jews, the system of the Gestapo and the concentration camps, together with the spiritual corruption of the young. You see also, wherever Germany covets the land of a neighbour, first the seizure and then the domination of that land, by the same ruthless means. You see, in fact, a new German order—of slavery; and you have every reason to expect the new Europe which Hitler plans, to be a political and economic system of the European powers, under the complete domination of Germany.

Germans accepted the domination of Hitler as a desperate remedy because it was the only means they saw for securing their survival. No clear authoritative alternative to Hitler's system of domination, has ever yet been presented to the Germans. They still accept that domination, and the terrible arbitrament of war, because they think that without Hitler and Hitler's domination, Germany would be destroyed. Even Pastor Niemoller, still a prisoner in a concentration camp, the supreme spiritual antagonist of the Führer, offered Hitler his services in the German Navy because the survival of Germany seemed to demand any fighting help that he could give. It is no matter that the offer was rejected. The significant thing is that it was made.

If this war is a crisis in creeds, as I believe, between Hitlerism and the true civilization of the West, it is of supreme importance that those who represent the civilization of the West should proclaim the nature of the alternative world order, as against the world order of Hitler. For the enlightenment of such Germans as can now be reached, and also for the illumination of the occupied territories and the rest of Europe, as well as of America, it is high time that the *unoccupied programme territory* should be filled by a bold, clear declaration of

what the British believe should be the character of the new Europe and the new world, economically as well as politically. It should be a declaration in which the outstanding principles would be freedom as opposed to force, and co-operation as opposed to domination. It should be such a declaration as would make it abundantly plain that here was no reproduction of the *status quo*, but something growing and capable of development. This could be done and it should be done. Its doing with authority and in sufficient detail in accordance with these principles without such a deed, would, I believe diminish the suffering and bloodshed, which seems the destiny of most of Europe. Its doing would also give a purpose to the defenders of civilization which the mere reiteration of Victory as our only war aim, can hardly for ever supply.

At the very best, war is only a means to an end. At the very best, the winning of victory does not produce order, the lack of which led to war. Unless, then, he is prepared to acquiesce in the outbreak of another war twenty years, or more, later on, to correct any inequalities or injustices accruing from a victory by force of arms, the victor must construct a plan for a new Europe, justly governed and justly arranged, from the economic as well as the political point of view. But it is just here that the victor is too often defeated by his victory. New and better world orders do not grow of their own accord when the bloodshed is over. The exhaustion which follows a gigantic effort such as that of 1914-18, or 1940 leaves the victor little inclined or able to start making plans. It is, indeed, an empty dream that nations will, once arms are laid down, introduce a new order. It is one of the saddest of illusions that we can let the future take care of itself, while we concentrate everything on winning the war. The time to begin is to-day.

II

But, though it is high time that the character of the new world order, as democracy sees it, should be made abundantly plain, a still more vital question concerns the moral and spiritual basis on which it is to be built. The supreme rôle which I see for the Christian religion, in relation to reconstruction, is that of supplying a dynamic faith, for lack of which we have all fallen into our present parlous condition.

This is the end of an age. Other ages have also ended. There was one ending, when Virgil wrote at the close of the

first Georgic, to quote the fine new translation of Mr. Day Lewis—

> For Right and Wrong are confused here, there's so much war in the world,
> Evil has so many faces, the plough so little
> Honour, the labourers are taken, the fields untended,
> And the curving sickle is beaten into the sword that yields not.
> There the East is in arms, there Germany marches;
> Neighbour cities, breaking their treaties, attack each other;
> The wicked War-god runs amok through all the world.
> So, when racing chariots have rushed from the starting-gate,
> They gather speed on the course, and the driver tugs at the kerb-rein
> —His horses runaway, car out of control, quite helpless.

The real trouble is a spiritual trouble; and the real rebuilding must be spiritual. Who would have thought that a few years after the convulsions of the times of Virgil, a new world order would have arisen, through the Death and Resurrection of Christ? It was the inspiration of the same Christian faith 500 years later, when Europe was again in darkness, that ushered in the dawn, with St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Gregory and St. Boniface, as the lantern bearers. And if there is such darkness and suffering to-day, a new awakening of men's spirits can only come to Europe, through a re-illumination of the Christian faith, a new and deep spiritual reformation.

There is ample recognition that the world needs a dynamic faith. Indeed, the sense of the need is pathetic. There seems to be no common ethical basis for the collaboration of nations. Why? It is because they refuse to acknowledge any absolute standards. The totalitarian states, everyone agrees, know no higher allegiance than the interests of the state. But the democracies are in no better case, if they recognize no law of God, which they are bound to obey! And, if we fare so badly now, are we to expect any better results from the new dispensation, if the sanctions are no higher? We are told by Mr. Joad that the three essentials of the new world order, are Democracy, Peace and Federalism. So be it. He bids us base that order on the individual, and insists that the state should be a democracy. So be it. He also says that "modern men and women have neither a creed to live for, nor principles to live by", and that because nature abhors a vacuum in the spiritual world, no less than in the physical, "men and women have embraced every kind of substitute to fill the gap". But, if there is no foundation of principle, on which to build, what prospects are there for a happy building? It is strange that,

although we have been so badly let down by secular policies and humanist presuppositions, so many of our new world order-makers still put their trust in the same things!

Materialism and idolatry, in one form or another, have been the curse of our times; and materialistic standards of life in the possessing classes are responsible for the social injustices and wrongs against which our social reformers revolt. But because too many social reformers think of material bliss as the absolute good, and simply desire the "have-nots" to be "haves", the real cause of our chaos is missed. "Secular Messianism," says F. A. Voigt, "or the expectation of the Millenium in this world; secular chiliasm, or the hope of Heaven on Earth, are characteristic of Marxism, of modern 'ideologies' as a whole, and of the contemporary spiritual and material crisis". It is right that Christians should be revolutionary in social and economic reforms. The difference between Christianity and secular reform is that, for Christians the reforms are not the final goal. The difference between Christianity and secular Messianism is that, while the latter exalts man to be a god, the former teaches us that God so loved the world that He became man, with tremendous consequences for man's responsibility for the conditions in which his brothers live.

It will appear, therefore, that in my view, the only kind of reconstruction which can make good, is that which finds its inspiration in Christianity. This means an acknowledgment of the historic revelation of Jesus Christ, His Death and Resurrection, and dependence upon the grace of God. It means that a Christian regards recovery as Redemption. Reconstruction apart from Redemption seems to imply that there is no special malaise in the human character, that man can get better and better; that life is a progress, in spite of hard knocks. Redemption, on the other hand, recognizes the fact that man was created in God's image, that he is fallen, that there is a terrible corruption in his heart, that the only source of salvation is God Himself, and that recovery has been made possible from God, who, in Jesus Christ, reconciled the world to Himself. Redemption is, moreover, not only of the individual sinner, but of the nation, of civilization, of the cosmos itself. It is a tremendous truth—but nothing less tremendous will suffice for the recovery of Europe.

III

It will be seen from what I have written that I believe profoundly that the hour has come for declaring the main

elements of a new Europe and of a new World Order. But at the same time, I regard a dynamic faith giving a moral and spiritual basis for the order as the most vital thing, and I conceive Christianity as alone able to supply such a faith. With all reservations for individual Churchmen of political insight, I do not, myself, consider that it is for the Church, as Church, to attempt to prescribe the political or economic details of a new World Order. It has the right to set forth the fundamental postulates of a just and honourable peace, such as the Pope's Five Peace Points:—

1. Equality of rights to life and independence for all nations.
2. Disarmament all round.
3. An international institution both for guaranteeing and for revising the peace settlement.
4. Adequate attention to the demands of nations and populations and racial minorities.
5. Behind everything the spirit which gives life and authority.

It has the right to set forth principles on which a new World Order should be based, such as

1. The equal dignity of all men.
2. Respect for human life.
3. Solidarity of all nations and races of the earth.
4. Respect for the plighted word.
5. The necessity of Power—political or economic—being co-extensive with responsibility.

But I suggest that the Church, instead of going into details, should use principles like these as standards by which to measure particular schemes. The Church could thus say that a scheme which envisaged the association of nations as members of a family, was in accord with true Christian principles, whereas a scheme which left the absolute sovereignty of each nation unlimited in the economic field, was not. It could say that schemes which sentenced a minority, or a particular nation, or race, to extinction; or schemes which refused to recognize the equal status, fundamentally, of Germany in the constitution of a new Europe, were intolerable from the Christian point of view. The Church certainly has the right, (speaking through authoritative channels, and on the result of effective considerations), and indeed the duty, to condemn systems, whether economic or political, which cut across Christian principles, or strike at the root of the conditions which are required for the full Christian life.

I also suggest that it is the Church's task to persuade people that the Kingdom of Heaven is not just round the corner, and that a revolution is required in the mentality of every nation,

if a new Europe, built on justice, is to be realized. As M. Denis Saurat says, "A new way of administering Germany or Europe will not be enough to prevent future explosions". A change of heart is necessary. and practical measures must be considered for giving education time to do this essential work of changing. And behind the problem of education comes the deeper problem of religion. Our task is, as he says, to revive the Christian ideals amongst our 'Christian nations', and then to re-organize a Christian civilization. As things are to-day, there is no one Christian Church which is sufficient for these things. Nor is there any Christian Church which does not itself stand in deep need of reform, in order to bear its share and make its special contribution to the common task. It is a task which calls for the greatest possible amount of united Christian effort. It is a task which requires the help of the best minds of men and women of different Christian traditions, working together. It is a task, for the fulfilment of which, each Church must see that no unnecessary obstacles lie between it and those to whom it would make its appeal. It is a task also for individuals, singly or in groups, some in the full stream of life, some in the Universities, some hidden and humble, gathering strength through waiting on God in meditation and prayer, with the knowledge that others are gathering strength with a similar spirit all over Europe, all over the world. It is a task not for Church officers, or Church members, alone, but also for those at present outside the Churches amongst all the people of Europe and the world, who can see the spiritual crisis, and desire to offer their gifts and their experience, be it small or large, for the making of the common basis on which the new world order may be built.

DENMARK UNDER THE JACKBOOT*

By Joachim Joesten

OF all the countries that have been crushed, since April 9, under the Nazi Juggernaut, Denmark alone surrendered without fight. True, there had been, in the first hours of the invasion, a few sporadic attempts at resistance which cost the Danes ten killed, and the Germans one, but on the whole there is no denying that the occupation of Denmark has proved, thus far, the easiest, smoothest, least bloody of conquests achieved by Hitler at home or abroad.

Even to-day the Danes, and with them many foreign sympathizers, pride themselves upon the wisdom of that historic decision of April 9, which laid the roads and harbours of the little Northern kingdom open to the invader. Look at the ruins of Brussels and Rotterdam, these wise men would say, look at the boundless misery of subdued France, look at our hapless brother-country Norway, first ravaged by war then sacrificed and now trodden down,—look at the great, useless hecatomb and say we haven't been right! Aren't we better off, after all?

Are they? I wonder. Quite apart from the fact that Denmark's instantaneous capitulation first threw wide open the flood-gates of disaster, making the rapid conquest of Norway and thereby turning the tide against the Allies—let the historians of the future examine the case and find exactly to what an extent the Danish non-resistance prejudiced the whole outcome of the war—what good has it done to the Danes themselves that they gave up right from the start? How are they getting on under foreign rule? The following is a cross-section of Danish life after five months of occupation, obtained from various, and generally reliable sources.

To begin with, it is definitely true that the Germans are behaving very differently towards the "kindred" nations (Denmark, Norway, Holland) which they have invaded, from the way they have treated conquered Poland or even France.

*This article was written and posted in Sweden at the end of August. It reached The Fortnightly at the beginning of November.

There are, thus far, no horror tales to tell from Denmark; there have been neither mass executions nor mass arrests, although of course the Gestapo has picked off a number of blacklisted Danes, and scores of German emigrés who were trapped by the sudden invasion. A case in point is the North-Schleswigan editor Viggo Lausten of Tönder who was arrested by the Nazis, in April, on a charge of "espionage and high treason". On May 2, Viggo Lausten, according to an official communiqué from the German Legation in Copenhagen, was reported to have committed suicide in his prison cell, having "broken down under the overwhelming evidence against him"! It sounds familiar—

On the whole, however, the occupation army is behaving in Denmark with restraint and discipline. They do not interfere, as a rule, with the internal administration of the country. The Prime Minister of Denmark is still the same old Social-Democrat who has governed the country since April, 1929—Thorvald Stauning—and his party is still on top although a coalition cabinet of all major parties has now superseded the two-Party régime of the past ten years. Nor have the Trade Unions been interfered with and little, if any, encouragement has been given to the local Nazi parties by the German military authorities. When the Danish police, on July 2, took a hundred Nazis who had staged a riotous demonstration into custody, they were not in any way molested by the Germans.

Whether this moderation of the German master in Denmark is a *lasting* phenomenon, or only a momentary show, remains to be seen. For the time being it undoubtedly exists and, together with the remarkable good looks, the studied politeness and faultless discipline of the German military it has not failed to make a certain impression on the Danes. It looks as if the Germans in Denmark were very anxious not only to live up to their much-publicized theories of "Nordic brotherhood", but also to make good their formal promise to the Danish King and government on April 9, that they were coming not as conquerors, but solely for military reasons,—to "save" the country from the British. Incidentally, this insistence on their rôle as "saviours" has led to the German occupation troops being nicknamed "The Salvation Army"!

It would be wrong, however, to infer that the invaders have been received with open arms by the population. They have had a fair measure of success especially with the school-going youth of both sexes (the public schools in Denmark have been for a long time strongly infected with Nazism), with the

lighter category of women, and with certain sections of the peasantry where Nazi leanings also prevailed for some years. In contrast, they have been coolly received by the workers, of whom a large majority is organized in the Social-Democratic Trade Unions,—and also by the so-called middle classes.

The Danish bourgeoisie has always leant much more to France and Britain than to Germany and it seems now to be doing a very thorough job of cold-shouldering the Nazi, especially in Copenhagen. There is little defiance or open hostility but the atmosphere that surrounds the invaders is definitely icy there. While almost everybody in Copenhagen used to speak at least a little German before the invasion, most German officers and soldiers now get nothing but a blank stare and an unresponsive shrug of shoulders if they enquire for their way or try to engage in conversation. On the streets of Copenhagen, the German military attract little notice and no interest whatever; the crowd passes by them, even "looks through them", as a friend of mine put it, as if they were thin air. If a German officer in the train or street-car rises to offer his seat to a lady, he has a good chance of being rebuffed with an icy "no thanks". There is a story in Copenhagen of a Nazi captain who complained about his sufferings in various countries: "In Czechoslovakia, the people spat at me, in Poland they sniped at me, but all this is nothing against Denmark where I am simply frozen out".

The Danes are also much annoyed at the reckless manner in which the Nazi soldiery clean out all the shops. There is already a marked shortage of many commodities and the Nazis' inconsiderate buying-up, while Danish citizens are daily warned against, and punished for hoarding has caused much ill feeling. The German soldiers get, on the average, six marks a day, or twelve kroner at the compulsory exchange rate,—which allows them to spend rather freely. It is interesting to note that the very first thing the Germans cleaned up in every shop and store throughout the country were *British*-made fabrics and clothes. No, they would have none of that "Made in Germany" stuff—but they were willing to pay high for every scrap of cloth imported from Britain! Every article of confection they bought up and sent home; from shirts and socks to ladies' underwear and silk-stockings they wouldn't leave a thing they could lay hands upon.

The ravenous hunger of the German soldiery for Danish butter has become almost epic in Denmark. In the first days of the occupation you could see big, serious-looking fellows in

uniform standing outside dairy-shops and licking up half a pound of butter, without bread, like ice-cream, with the ecstasy of a small boy sucking lollipops! Every member of the occupation army has the right to send home half a pound of butter per day and there is hardly anyone who doesn't make use of this privilege to the full. As a result of this drain, combined with the wholesale buying of butter for export to Germany, Denmark, once Europe's leading producer of butter is now already so thoroughly cleaned of that commodity that severe rationing has been decided and will come into effect as from October 1. Although the rations have not yet been made public at the time of writing, it is expected that they will not exceed 250 grams of butter per head and week, which is about a quarter of the normal Danish consumption! The same applies to *sugar*, where Denmark also has been more self-sufficient in the past, and had a bumper crop last year, but none the less now confronts the necessity of further cutting down rations. To say nothing of such luxuries as coffee and tea, of which the stocks are now nearly exhausted, with no hope whatever of replenishing them. Even bread and flour will be rationed in Denmark after October 1.

I have not the space here to discuss at length how the whole economic system of Denmark has been thrown hopelessly out of gear by the invasion. Before April 9, Great Britain used to absorb more than one half of Denmark's total exports, and to supply well over one third of that country's import requirements. Now, the British market is gone completely. While Germany is showing great eagerness to consume as much of the butter, bacon and eggs formerly destined to Britain, as German stomachs can swallow, she cannot possibly supply all the essentials, like coal, steel, feeding-stuffs and fertilizers which Denmark used to get in return from Britain, and without which both Danish industry and agriculture are promised certain starvation! The huge disproportion in Danish-German trade that has arisen from the events of April 9 is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that Denmark's National Bank, at the end of July, had a clearing *balance* of 192,000,000 Kroner, as compared with a small clearing *debt* before the invasion. Germany, in a word, is buying all she can get from Denmark, but selling little, and least of all the things that Denmark most desperately needs.

It is a matter of common knowledge in Denmark that the country had grown rich, or at least well-to-do, during the past decades, thanks to its lively trade with Great Britain. So

every school-boy now understands that, unless a miracle occurs, the country is in for a period of lean years, if not outright poverty. Unemployment, always a storm-signal, is already steeply on the up-grade, hovering around 100,000 at the best season of the year, notwithstanding the fact that more than 10,000 have been sent to work in Germany, with at least 3,000 more drafted to go there shortly.

When the Danes, on April 9, made up their minds not to resist the invasion, they knew of course that they were in for a long period of hardships and humiliations. But at the same time they had one hope, the same delusive hope upon which the Stauning-Munch policy of " defence-nihilism " had rested for years, namely that surrender would spare their country the countless horrors and sufferings of war.

Since then, however, the frequent and vigorous British air-raids on the German military positions in Denmark has opened the eyes of the Danish government on this as on many other counts. Some Danish cities, like Aalborg in particular, have already been bombed by the British more than *thirty* times and at least two of these raids have had devastating effects. A large number of Danish workers employed on building new aerodromes for the Germans have been killed at one of the last raids on Aalborg. Copenhagen too, with its great airport at Kastrup and its big shipbuilding yards has served many times as a target for the British bombers. Before the invasion, the capital never had had a single black-out practice and there were practically no air-raid shelters at all except for one newly-constructed trench-shelter in Orsteds Park. Since then, however, the Danes have learned to dig in and the black-out has become a permanent institution. The unrelenting strain on the nerves of the population which the almost daily alarms cause is making itself heavily felt in diminished returns of industrial output and office work. And the chemists' shops and dispensaries have never before done such a roaring business in sedatives and soporific drugs! Although the summer season now tends to its end, everybody who can afford it still stays away from the City; all the hotels and boarding-houses along the " Danish Riviera " on the Sound are filled with people who have come there for no other purpose than to escape for a while the perpetual nightly alarms and to steady their nerves.

Nor are the British active in the air alone, for that matter. The full story of the havoc wrought by British submarines and magnetic mines in the waters surrounding Denmark can-

not yet be told. Naturally, the German censors in the Danish newspaper offices and broadcasting services do their utmost to hush up or minimize the effects of British warfare on sea and in the air. But the wreckage that unceasingly is washed ashore, the all too many stories of "engine-trouble", "boiler-explosions", shipwrecks and suspension of traffic in Danish waters tell their own tale. Or take this speaking detail: before the invasion, the Danish State Railroads ran *eight* stately ferry-boats on the ferry-route from Zealand to Funen, between Korsör and Nyborg, of which only *four* are left at present. Where are the other four? You won't get any official answer to your enquiry except that one of them had an "engine-breakdown" and was put out of commission. But nevertheless every child in Denmark knows where the other four are: at the bottom of the Great Belt, with their load of German soldiers and ammunition. Nowadays, not a ferry crosses the Belt without another one, empty but studded with anti-aircraft guns, preceding it by a hundred yards or so. While the German High Command, and the controlled Danish officials always deny that any damage has been done by the British bombers to military establishments, Danish fishermen have another story to tell. They know that the British scored some very direct hits on the big oil and gasoline deposits at Nyborg, for during weeks all fishing in the Great Belt has been made impossible because the water was thick with floating oil from the tanks!

A noteworthy by-effect of the Nazi invasion is the marked revival of patriotic sentiment in a country which has never had any jingoistic leanings and even used to be rather stinting in its show of patriotism. Yet when for example a couple of weeks ago a hundred thousand Copenhageners rallied in the Faelledparken for the singing in common of Danish folk-songs —it was the first gathering of its kind in the capital of Denmark—this was a powerful, if discreet manifestation of the new national spirit.

Perhaps no man has yet better voiced what the ordinary Dane feels about the German invasion than the late Lord Mayor of Copenhagen, Ernst Kaper in his pamphlet "*De Fremmede i Landet*" (The Foreigners in our Country), which appeared shortly after the invasion. Although very careful in its wording, the pamphlet acted as a potent and stirring mind-rouser to Kaper's countrymen who, by their easy-going indolence and "defence-nihilism" had done much to bring the catastrophe upon themselves. Kaper is also the man who on

one occasion made to the German Commander, General von Kaupisch, who had complimented him on the exemplary discipline of his townspeople, the classical reply: "It isn't discipline, Sir,—just culture"! Shortly afterwards Ernst Kaper died, I presume of natural causes.

Hand-in-hand with this reawakening of the national spirit in Denmark goes a no less sweeping movement of rallying round the personality of King Christian. Denmark's King has not always been as popular as, for example, King Gustav of Sweden. Since the invasion, however, the former opposition seems to have all but disappeared and the nation has never been more united in its attachment to the Royal House which now appears more and more as the embodiment of Denmark's wish not to go under in the vast Germanic Empire, but to retain its own culture and its soul. In spite of war and occupation, Denmark not only wants to live on but to live its own life. That is also why even now King Christian—who, incidentally, is to celebrate his 70th birthday on September 26—every morning goes out on his famous daily ride through the streets of the capital, just as he has done every day for the past twenty-eight years.

(The situation has changed a little since the above article was written. According to latest reports there are definite signs of German backing for Fritz Clausen, leader of Denmark's Nazi party. The rationing position is also somewhat different from that stated by Mr. Joesten. The butter and/or margarine ration has been 350 grams from November 8 per head and week. The tea ration has been 12½ grams per week; the bread ration 500 grams of white plus 1,500 grams of rye. With regard to those sent to Germany to work, 19,000 had been sent up to the end of October, of which 2,000 have returned.—Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

THE WAR IN GREECE

I.—THE LAND

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

EXCEPT in the manner of the delivery of Mussolini's ultimatum the attack on Greece has not followed the lines of the German blitzkrieg model. The delay in launching a sweeping offensive on land, the somewhat limited scope of the air attack on Greek towns and still more the inaction of the Italian Navy which has allowed bases in the Greek Islands to fall tamely into our hands, are all surprising departures from German precedent. The most obvious explanation is of course that Mussolini was over confident that Greece would be intimidated and yield to his demands. But before accepting that explanation it would be well to consider the attack on Greece from three points of view.

(1) The capacity of the Greeks to resist attack.
(2) The effect of this new war on the Eastern Mediterranean situation.
(3) Its affect on the development of the war as a whole.

As regards the first point, while admitting the possibility, or even the probability, that Mussolini did not expect to encounter resistance, the nature of the terrain must be taken into account; and also the fact that Greece was not, like Norway, caught completely unawares. It is true that in spite of threats she had not mobilized her army, but she had taken very adequate measures to delay a sudden invasion.

From Albania two main roads only lead into Greece if one excludes the road which cuts across the south-western corner of Yugoslavia, passing through Monastir. These two roads, therefore, dictate the natural lines of invasion.

The northern road, starting from Durazzo, runs south-east through Elbasan and Koritza before turning east across the frontier towards Salonika through Florina and Edessa. Before reaching Florina a branch road leads through Kastoria to Larissa and the Port of Volo joining the road from Monastir and Florina at Kosani. It will be seen that the northern line

of invasion may lead either to Salonika or Volo, and as Yugoslavia has special interests in the former town the invader might make Larissa, a very important road centre, and Volo his main objectives. The other main line of invasion runs from Valona through Argyrokastro across the frontier to Yanina and thence, parallel to the coast, to the western end of the Gulf of Corinth at Missolonghi.

Between these two lines of advance lies the great mass of the Pindus Mountains with summits rising to over seven and eight thousand feet. Since this mountain region is crossed south of the frontier by only one indifferent road, running from Yanina to Larissa, and by a few bridle paths, all of which become blocked by snow in winter, it forms a very complete obstacle to any inter-communication between the eastern and western theatres in which large scale operations might be expected. Both the two main theatres favour defensive action, but they differ widely in their characteristics. The northern and eastern route passes through mountainous country before it emerges into the lowlands of Western Macedonia and the plain of Thessaly. The road to Florina in particular crosses a formidable pass before reaching that town, and there are other highly defensible positions. Armoured fighting vehicles would in many places be unable to leave the road and it would be difficult to deploy and supply large numbers of guns.

On the west coast route, although the country is rugged, obstacles are of a different nature. Marshes and river lines dictate defensive positions and limit the movements of mechanized troops. There is, however, probably scope in this theatre for the employment of the Italian superiority in artillery, and of course the Italian Navy might in places co-operate with the advance if it was willing to run risks. In both main theatres and in the intervening mountains winter climate will greatly affect operations. Snow may become an obstacle, yet the ground is seldom sufficiently frost-bound to facilitate movements and frequent thaws produce mud that is the greatest brake of all on operations.

Obviously the western line of advance leads to no strategic objectives of importance comparable to those east of the Pindus. It might have been expected, therefore, that the main Italian thrust would have been by the northern route, yet it is that route that the Greek Army is best equipped to defend. Lightly armed and relying on pack transport for their artillery the Greek troops possess a mobility in mountain warfare which would only be equalled by the Italian Alpini.

During the first fortnight of the war the Italians have only crossed the frontier in the centre and the south and in the north it is the Greeks who have taken the offensive threatening the Italian base at Koritza. The Greeks have prepared positions along the whole front from Florina through Kastoria and Yanina to Parga on the west coast, and a second covering only the northern roads between Edessa and Kozani. No doubt these positions represent the lines on which the Greek Army, as it mobilized, deployed, but the troops covering mobilization fought well in front of them combining delaying action, stubborn resistance and offensive strokes with great skill and gallantry. The thrust towards Koritza, followed as it was by the successful rounding up of the Alpine Division which had attempted to turn the Greek positions through the mountains, were brilliant operations which recall those of the Finns. They must have gained invaluable time for the completion of mobilization and arrival of British aid as well as having an immensely heartening effect—an effect that may well have been felt by other threatened countries. Time has also been gained for some of the deficiencies in Greek armament to be made good. Anti-tank, anti-aircraft weapons and aircraft have arrived from Egypt, and of course British air power has made itself felt. If Mussolini expected an easy victory he must be thoroughly disillusionized. He has made a bad start and one not easy to retrieve now that the ports of embarkation and disembarkation of reinforcements and supplies are exposed to air attack.

Greece may suffer heavily from air attack, but, on the whole, if Italy remains her only enemy she could face invasion with great confidence, in spite of inferiority in numbers and armament. Her chief danger lies obviously in the possibility of a German attack through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Whether that danger will mature, or when, one cannot of course say. It is possible that Germany would prefer to see her ally suffer a reverse rather than disturb the neutrality of the Balkan countries at present. For now that Greek resistance and Italian inactivity has allowed the Greek Islands to become British bases it is not easy to see what advantages the conquest of the Greek mainland would bring to the Axis, except so far as it might convince the Balkan States that resistance in any form to Axis' demands was hopeless, thereby exposing Turkey.*

*The losses now suffered by the Italian navy at Taranto and further Greek successes may well have changed Axis plans and have rendered direct German intervention in the attack on Greece more probable.

That raises my second point—the influence of the Greek war on the situation in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Obviously if Greece had yielded to Italy's demands it would have been a heavy blow to us. We should have been unable to occupy Greek islands without the use of force—more probably they would have become Italian bases for aircraft and submarines, increasing the value of the Dodecanese Islands to Italy and threatening our communications with Turkey were she attacked. The tasks of the Navy would have increased and some dispersion of all our Middle East forces might have resulted.

Greek resistance on the other hand must surely have strengthened our position in, and on the shores of, the Eastern Mediterranean. The Navy has secured useful advanced bases and the whole of southern Italy has come within comparatively easy bombing range. Thereby we can not only make Italian operations from Albania more difficult, but the communications of the Italian Army in Libya are also increasingly menaced. Such dispersion of the bases of our Middle East air force as may be necessary does not mean diversion of effort except in the case of aircraft used for direct co-operation with the Greek air force. If we confine our assistance to Greece to naval and air action and the supply of munitions no serious disturbance of our Middle East force would result; on the contrary its effectiveness would increase. To detach any considerable part of our army to co-operate with the Greeks can hardly be contemplated under existing circumstances. Neither in training, clothing or armaments are our troops in the Middle East suitable to operations in the Greek theatre. The maintenance and protection of the communications of detachments in Greece would make heavy demands on the Navy and Merchant shipping and extra commitments to our air force would be involved. The suggestion that we should send an expeditionary force to co-operate with the Greeks in an offensive against Italy's Albanian Army will, I trust and assume, receive therefore no backing by responsible authority. When we are ready to take the offensive on land the blow must be struck elsewhere and such assistance as it affords to Greece will be indirect.

When one considers the third point, the effect of the Greek war on the development of the war as a whole one cannot exclude any possibilities. Is it possible, for instance, that the Italian ultimatum and invasion was not a genuine attempt to secure possession of Greece as a step towards furthering Axis

designs in the East, but a feint to cause us to concentrate all our available strength in the Eastern Mediterranean with a view to opening a new theatre of operations in the west? The extraordinary inactivity of the Italian Navy left it a Fleet "in being", the German Army is still not actively employed, and the future attitude of France remains doubtful. These are factors which arouse suspicion. General Franco is obviously disinclined to be drawn into the war, but would it be possible for a German force under the protection of the Italian and, possibly French Navy to effect an unopposed landing in Spanish Morocco if the main section of our Mediterranean Fleet was engaged in the eastern half of the sea? Even a comparatively small German force would be difficult to dislodge and it might of course be reinforced, as in Norway, by air. A German air force based in this area would go far to close the west entrance to the Mediterranean with results more serious than anything that might happen on the main land of Greece. Whatever action we may take in the Greek war will not, it may be hoped, in any way interfere with the strategic liberty of the Navy.

One result of the Greek campaign will obviously be to increase the unpopularity of the war in Italy. Her soldiers will suffer great hardships and Italy herself will suffer from bombing. It will not be possible, as in the Abyssinian war, to conceal the effects of war by isolating sick and wounded in the Dodecanese. A time may come when the Italian women will take measures to stop the war, as they did after the disaster of Adowa.

Yet Mussolini's prestige has received severe shocks in Greece and it is difficult to see how he can withdraw from or even limit his adventure. A blitzkrieg that succeeds brings cheap results, but if it fails an expensive entanglement is apt to ensue.

II.—THE SEA

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

THREE developments of marked importance in the naval war have taken place during the last month; the invasion of Greece; the disablement of some of the major elements of the Italian fleet by the attack on the harbour of Taranto; and the intensification of the enemy attack on shipping by submarines, aircraft and surface vessels.

By her criminal invasion of Greece Italy has brought about a material change for the better in Great Britain's situation in the Mediterranean. It has given her what she did not possess until then, a position midway between Alexandria and Italy. War, Napoleon said on one occasion, is a business of positions, and the saying is as applicable to the war at sea as it is to the war on land of which he was speaking.

The great purpose of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean is to obtain what is called "command" of that sea: the meaning of which is that, either by destruction of the enemy forces or by the threat of destruction, those forces are unable to render their country the service of opening the sea routes for its commerce and its armies and closing those same routes to the enemy. By possessing a base at Gibraltar from which the British sea forces can control the movements of shipping in and out of the Mediterranean through the comparatively narrow Strait, Italian trade with the west is throttled: by holding the position at Suez, the trade and troop movements to the East are stopped: but the centre of the Mediterranean, between Italy and her north Italian colonies, has been open, interrupted, it would seem, only occasionally; for we hear of shipping lying in the harbours of Benghazi and Tobruk and of movements between those ports and Italy. No sustained isolation of the Italian army in Libya was possible so long as the British fleet had no available base between Gibraltar and Suez—2,000 miles apart; Malta, invaluable and perfectly situated until the advent of air-craft, now lies too close to the Italian aerodromes to be permanently occupied by the fleet, though detachments can be based there.

Now, however, that Italy has seen fit to attack Greece, this situation is greatly altered. The fleet lying at Alexandria, even if it should have been able to maintain a scouting force of

some form—aerial or submarine—in the neighbourhood of Sicily, could not count upon intercepting any vessels reported in movement before they could reach their destination in Derna, Benghazi, or Tobruk; for the transports would have the shorter distance to cover. But when the island of Crete became, through Italy's action, allied territory, the harbour of Suda Bay became available. That Bay has a fairly wide entrance of about a mile and a quarter in breadth—a little less than the entrance to Scapa Flow. If, then, the material required to close the entrance against submarines and small torpedo craft—nets, booms, and mines—is available, and an anti-aerial equipment can be quickly installed, the fleet can now lie at Suda. A glance at the map shows the relation between that position and the lines of approach to Libya of the supplies for the Italian army. The fleet now—assuming this protection is practicable—can be on the flank of the enemy line of communications at a distance of hardly more than 300 miles; and its scouts may well be able to give warning of the movements of Italian shipping not long after clearing the coasts of Sicily and Calabria, even if such departures are made at night. The danger, therefore, to the Italian convoys going to supply the army in Libya is very greatly increased, while at the same time that portion of the defence of Egypt which is represented by the fleet is in no way weakened; for the fleet lying at Suda is as well placed for attacking the enemy on the coastal roads as it is when at Alexandria.

This danger is now still further increased by the blow struck at the Italian fleet at Taranto. Though that fleet has shewn no inclination to contest the command of the sea in battle, it has afforded a measure of security to the convoys passing across the sea to Libya. In its weakened condition it is not improbable that it will be less inclined to make trips to sea: and the British fleet will be able to make more frequent excursions, as its relative strength is, by this action, practically doubled. Certainly the Italian destroyer forces are unaffected and convoys may still be escorted by those lesser units; but the disablement of two of the enemy cruisers is a handicap.

A further advantage of the acquisition of a position in Crete is that it must become increasingly difficult to throw any large quantity of supplies into the Italian islands in the Dodecanese. There is, it is understood, a large garrison in Rhodes, and Rhodes is not an island producing foodstuffs for large numbers of mouths. Submarines can carry small quantities only of foodstuffs, and unless a very large quantity of provisions have

been laid in in the months of preparation there can hardly fail to be a great shortage of food in the Italian Dodecanese during the coming year. The only prospects of revictualling those possessions lie in a victory at sea, or in the complete victory of the Axis Powers over the Commonwealth.

Besides the dangers of want to which the Italian forces in Libya and the Dodecanese are now exposed in so marked a degree, that fact that British aircraft can operate from Greek soil is an added disadvantage to the enemy. The attack upon the Italian fleet in Taranto was made by the Fleet Air Arm; though the Royal Air Force is well occupied in Greece, it was able to spare some of its efforts for the completion of the affair at Taranto. The destruction of the dockyard and its appliances cannot fail to render the refloating or repairs of the injured vessels more complete.

The intensification of the commerce warfare was certainly to be expected. According to Italian accounts, a number of the Italian submarines are now co-operating with the German craft in the Atlantic, in a great effort to occupy all the principal routes; a recent Italian speaker made a great point of the attack on the export trade as well as the import trade of the country. The strain thrown upon the British flotilla forces is consequently severe, and this emphasizes the need for the most strenuous efforts against Italy, whose long continued threat from the time when she was first in what she was pleased to call a condition of "non-belligerency" until she entered the war has tied up a considerable flotilla force in the Mediterranean. The First Lord recently deplored the shortage of destroyers, quoting Nelson's cry for frigates. The evils of the London Treaty, with its preposterous limitations of our flotilla forces and the strategical falsities which accompanied it—one being that the number of destroyers was dependent upon the number of the submarines of foreign powers—come home to roost. No less does the other error of those who saddled the country with that Treaty with a reduced number of cruisers come home. We have just witnessed a heavy loss of a convoy, most gallantly defended by an armed merchant ship only against, it appears, one of the enemy's pocket battleships. Cruisers, it would thus appear, are not available in sufficient numbers to furnish the oceanic convoys with the protection they need. The warnings of experienced sea-officers against the reduction of the cruiser forces to fifty ships were flouted by a body of ignorant men.

The reappearance of the heavy cruiser as a raider was to be

expected, for it was, as German writers have said, for the purpose of commerce warfare that these vessels were originally designed. Here we lie under the spell thrown upon us at Washington, whereby it was made impossible for us to answer the German "pocket battleship" with similar vessels, unless we should reduce correspondingly the tonnage of our battleship forces. In earlier times, when Russia and France successively built armoured vessels with precisely the same object as that of Grand Admiral von Raeder, the British Admiralty replied by building a superior number of vessels individually capable of meeting those armoured vessels. The "armoured cruiser" came into existence. To-day, the only vessels capable singly of tackling these German ships are such fast battleships as we possess; and they are few. The affair at Taranto, and, let us hope, further affairs of the same character, may however ease our burden and set free some of our heavy ships for the ocean routes. In this connection we cannot leave out of sight the existence of some heavy German units—the two battlecruisers, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and the two 35,000 ton battleships which are said to be completed and will, as the High Seas Fleet did in the last War, contain a force of our heavy ships in the North sea. Everything, in short, in the sea campaign points to the need of concentrating every possible effort upon Italy at sea and on land: and as she has elected to join in the attacks upon our cities, she has laid herself open to reprisals in the most severe form upon her own.

One other factor in the intensified commerce warfare is the appearance of aircraft at a distance at sea off the Irish coast, and, it is to be supposed, in the Bay of Biscay also. The destruction of the Empress of Britain by a combination of disablement by bombing and final sinking with a torpedo from a submarine points to the need for more adequate protection in the air for such ships when they near the danger zone. The Bremen, it will be recollected, was escorted down the Norwegian coast by aircraft which protected her against the submarine's guns. As our strength in the air increases it will plainly be necessary to develop further our system of aerial defence in the western approaches. But a grievous handicap is imposed upon us by the refusal by Mr. de Valera of the use of bases in Eire. The people of Tipperary to-day must assuredly be prouder of the conduct of Captain Fegen of the "Jervis Bay" than of that of their President.

III.—THE AIR

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton

THE strategy that underlies Mussolini's attack on Greece is plain for any military mind to see. In general he wants, of course, to side with his partner when the '*Drang nach Osten*' gets into its swing, but in particular he is anxious to be flattered by that self-same individual for having so neatly, and in such efficient fashion, prepared the way. He is all too well aware what the Nazis think of Italian prowess in the field, and that under-valuation must, he thinks, be summarily corrected by the sweeping blow he planned. Unfortunately for him it did not go that way. The blow was turned aside in its initial thrust and the edge of the blade has been already blunted.

There is indeed a close analogy between the Soviet onslaught against Finland and the Italian dagger-blow at Greece, though with this great difference. In the latter case prompt British aid has been available from the very start, and of such an efficacious kind that, by air and sea, the Italian Expeditionary Force already has been greatly hampered. It was obvious that this would happen and there is only one fair conclusion therefrom to draw. Mussolini, jealously regardant of the successful blitzkrieg in other parts of Europe, and stirred within his inmost bowels to emulation, could not conceive of anything except the usual walk-over, badly advised, as he may have been at the same time, by his ambassador at Athens. He made a false calculation and bitterly he may rue it.

As with all such meditated moves on the strategical chessboard, the failure brings in train a host of inconvenient consequences to which the case in point is no exception. Briefly put they are as follows. First and foremost immediately there sprung up on Grecian soil, and at once embattled on its frontier, a fully fledged, brave and well-trained British ally, the equivalent of an expeditionary force, in fact, successfully landed, well-advanced, and in prime fighting order. Secondly, the Ionian and Aegean Seas, which in Italian hands could compress the life of Greece and force her to submission, now afford naval bases and harbours for British ships-of-war and thus remove the considerable handicap imposed on us by Grecian neutrality. Thirdly, and most importantly in the initial stages of the Near-Eastern conflict, British aircraft, fighters and bombers both,

are now permitted to utilize the same facility and effectually intervene in the opening phases of the fight.

For this, above all, was what we waited for. To be able, now, to slap the Italian down on his own home territory, with regularity and precision, to bomb him where he lives and has his being by flights of medium range, and to attend thus to the heel and ankle of the Italian boot, what time its leg is being assailed from Britain, this means bringing the battle to the enemy and that may introduce a turning of the tide of war. In unaccountable fashion we have been presented with the golden opportunity and not long was it before we seized the chance. With Italy out of things our troubles are at least half over, and it may confidently be expected that we will pry yet wider the opening that Mussolini has so generously given us until we bring his power crashing down. It would be a just reprisal on the man's assassin methods, and it would cook the Fascist goose for once and all.

The mobility of aircraft is very different from that of ships-of-war or armies, and is peculiarly effective when an enemy, or enemy combine, possesses the advantage of interior lines. Thus favourably handicapped Hitler, and Mussolini in less degree, can transfer masses of divisions from west to east as fast, and as far, as railways can convey them while we must perforce take the long way round. Navies have no such privilege, for they must follow a sea-route according to the configuration of the land, and sea power on the spot is the best and only answer to that riddle as we have taken pains to prove. But an air force, within a wide limitation, can be almost everywhere at once, its power of offensive being doubled with the halving of the distance which it has to fly. Were it not for this characteristic of ubiquity it would behove us to go charily in the matter of affording air support to Greece. The necessities of the Libyan and Abyssinian fronts, not to count the Syrian if the Vichy Government turns tail again, have still to be considered. It would be of little use to strike at Italy's home bases, or divert a fighter force to shoot her bombers down in Greece, if thereby we so denuded our local air power in those other parts that our enemy obtained the mastery above and could bomb at will. The Eastern Mediterranean, however, is so shaped with respect to its land masses, including islands large and small, that this could never happen. Crete, where we have now established an air base, is a first-class stepping-stone to the Grecian mainland, and is, at the same time, a new direction of approach towards the already

well-bombed objectives on the Libyan coast. The Italian base at Rhodes is almost in its shadow from an aircraft point of view and may be considered to have had its sting drawn. From Crete, which need only guard itself from air attack now that our Navy has been made free of those waters, our bombers can operate directly against the lower half of Italy, can reach the scene of fighting on the Greco-Albanian border, and can also, if need be, return to Palestine and Egypt in quick order. In these happy circumstances we need not stint to support Greece with very considerable bombing force, and in so doing we will be striking where the iron is hot.

Can we support her equally with fighters? We are, of course, already doing so to a certain extent, but the situation in that respect is not quite the same. A fighter force must operate *in situ* if it is to be pronouncedly effective, and that would mean detachment in a special sense. The ideal, not difficult of accomplishment if the means were at hand, would be for our fighters to deal with the Italian bombers now overrunning the air of Greece as they dealt with the Messerschmitts over southern England on several memorable occasions. If that could happen there is no doubt the effect on the Greeks would be so inspiriting that their army would carry all before it, and, given a sufficiency of fighter force, it so very easily could.

All the same it is an occasion for some risk, most tricks being turned in war by taking the hazardous course instead of always playing for safety. It is a question of paring our fighter force in Egypt to the barest level and sending the residue to Greece. Meanwhile reinforcements should be hastened to replace it by every available route; by air from French Equatorial Africa, direct from home, and in at the back door of the Suez Canal from the U.S.A. via the Far East. So can we best help Greece and ourselves. Air intervention is both the swiftest and the surest means. It has immediate effect and if it can be applied in proper measure it bears a marvellous interest on investment.

THE MEDITERRANEAN HIGHWAY

By Rosita Forbes

I

SINCE the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, two or three generations of Englishmen have been inclined to regard the Mediterranean as a national highway.

They received their first shock when the Franco-Russian alliance of 1893 caused Joseph Chamberlain to announce in the House of Commons that in case of Mediterranean war "the British Navy would have to cut and run—if it could run". But the unnatural disaster he suggested did not materialize. For forty-five years, in spite of the Fashoda incident temporarily imperilling our colonial relations with France and Germany's sudden interest in Agadir, Britain continued to control the main waterway to the East. Palestine, ceded under a mandate after the 1914-18 war, gave her another key to the Suez gate. But in 1935, our naval concentration failed to dissuade Italy from using the Canal to supply her Abyssinian front. When our fleet left Malta in search of a less vulnerable harbour, Britain received her second emotional shock. Strategists began to wonder if islands and fortresses were assets or liabilities in a modern war. Experts suggested that the Mediterranean was no longer an essential route and that we might do better to concentrate on the Cape passage, improving port facilities at Sierra Leone and Simonstown. Five years ago this school of thought insisted that in a totalitarian war, submarines and bombing planes could make the 1900 miles between Gibraltar and Port Said too dangerous for merchant shipping. Certainly, in the last war, more than a third of our total losses by submarine action occurred in the Mediterranean where one U-boat alone accounted for half a million tons. But even if the comparatively narrow sea be rendered impassable for the 9 to 14 per cent. of our imports which we generally receive through the Suez Canal, it constitutes a barrier between Hitler's plans for a United States of Europe and the African raw materials necessary for their materialization.

The Mediterranean is a weapon of offence in the hands of any naval power. To limit its effect, Germany is determined to establish submarine and air bases at Casablanca and Dakar. With Lake Chad territory she is not concerned. It has been holy ground since, according to local legend, the Ark of the Covenant rested on the three sharp-pointed hills near the lake. But the European population cannot number much more than three thousand. There is a little potash on the Shari river, but the territory is signally devoid of natural wealth. Bush and desert, it stretches Eastwards to the Sudan boundary and marches with the wilderness South of Italian Lybia. Most of it is uninhabited. Fort Lamy, the capital, has a few hundred whites, dependent for food and salaries on Great Britain, for Vichy has nothing to send either by sea or across the immeasurable deserts. Economic pressure is too grand a phrase for the sheer necessity which forced 'holy Chad' to throw in her lot with the sea-power that could put an end to her starvation.

Dakar is in a different position. She can receive supplies by land and air from Morocco. She is at the end of a short railway line and a well established desert highway, linking her with all the French bases South of the Atlas. She does not need the sea, but on it she can be an immensely effective weapon against us. For Dakar is only 1600 miles from Natal in Brazil. The town is well-defended by hidden forts and batteries. It has a good harbour and an effective military aerodrome at Wakam. Since June, various News Agencies have published reports that Germany has been strengthening the French garrison with experts and technicians of every kind. The Governor, Monsieur Boisson is, in effect, a pupil of France's great Marshal Lyautey or our own Cecil Rhodes. He will certainly not yield French colonial soil to the rival he most fears in Africa.

Here is one of the basic factors endangering the Mediterranean. The ordinary Frenchman may or may not have regarded Germany as his worst enemy in Europe. But in Africa he was— and is—far more terrified of what he imagines our "predatory imperialism." So—when France goes hungry because of our blockade—Germany may have less difficulty than we suppose in establishing her submarine bases at Casablanca and Dakar. She may be able to organize a South Atlantic extension of her Lufthansa Airline which operates in Brazil. There are already 900,000 Ausland Deutsch admirably organized in Santa Caterina, a comparatively autonomous agricultural province, with its own local militia. These people

suppose they will be " the first colony of the Reich in South America ". They are within bomber as well as commercial flight of Dakar.

Fortunately there is considerable difference between German and Italian plans for North Africa. Hitler is not interested in empire. Year after year, he used to explain to me his scheme for German economic and military dominion in a federated Europe. Italy of course is to have her place—but not a directorial one—within the combine.

It is no new vision. Briand had it and Bismarck. So did the young liberal Napoleon before success changed him into a tyrant. The Austrian empire or a Danubian Federation might have been stepping-stones to the unity which the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia considered " more important than individual or even national freedom ". But for Hitler's plan, a communal North Africa is essential. Spain, Italy, Germany—France if she co-operates in the federalization of industry and supplies and the elimination of frontier barriers—will have to share the resources and the exploitation of an African reservoir, human, mineral and agricultural, stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

Mussolini's ideas are entirely different. When I asked him what he most wanted in life, he replied " to colonize ". He is a Roman born two thousand years out of season. He once said to me " I should like to make my own life into a masterpiece. But that I can never do. What I accomplish is so far short of what I dream ". That dream is the re-establishment of the Roman empire in North Africa.

A third figure must eventually come into the picture. For Franco is definitely a colonial general. This means that his ambitions are on the same scale as the Duce's. Let us make no mistake about his intentions. He has expressed them clearly. " It is necessary to make a nation in order to forge an empire.... We are resting from the battle but we have not finished. Spain's great past must be revived. Two million soldiers stand ready to support our imperial rights ".

Four hundred years ago, the greatest Queen in history, Isabella, for whom Columbus discovered the American world, left a will ordering her people to " hold Gibraltar and to extend Spanish rule in African territory ". The Kaiser offered Alfonso XIII Portugal and Gibraltar in return for his support in the last war. The Spanish King told me that he replied, " The first I do not want. The second I can take whenever I choose ". What every Spaniard, irrespective of politics, *did*

want was Tangiers. When Franco's colonial troops took over the International Zone on June 14, there was as much rejoicing as if it had been an empire.

Beyond Tangiers lies an "easy road"—in the eyes of colonial generals and totalitarian statesmen—to Casablanca, the most important harbour on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, to Fez, a capital of Islam whose Sultan aspired to marry Le Roi Soleil's daughter, and to Oran, the huge commercial city, fortress and dockyard of Algeria. These three places still belong in name to Pétain's France, but Hitler, who has already offered Spain a dominating influence in Morocco, may increase his metaphorical ten pieces of silver as the price of betrayal. In *Mein Kampf* he has clearly stated that terms accorded to a defeated enemy have no permanent significance. Pétain, Franco and even Mussolini are pawns in the game which the Führer plays on a continental scale. The richest provinces of North Africa—Morocco and Western Algeria—commanding the motor highway from Colomb Béchar to Dakar are at the disposal of Spain if Senor Suñer, Head of the Falangist party prevails upon his brother-in-law, the Caudillo, to allow passage of German troops from the Pyrenees, where they are now encamped, to the hills which command Gibraltar harbour. The excuse is ready. A suggestion emanating from Berlin that Morocco proposes to join General de Gaulle would be the signal for invasion. It is probable that the only thing which saves Portugal at this moment is her utility as a line of communication with America and a convenient channel for the passage of food and raw material. But this usefulness is diminishing with the strengthening of American support and Germany may decide that Portuguese ports would be more valuable as bases for attack on British Atlantic trade than as possible loopholes in our blockade.

Should Madrid prove obdurate, as she may, the German advance would have to strike through the narrow Spanish corridor straight into Portugal. But the Falangist influence is strong because it is based on success. Italy is exceedingly unpopular in Spain, but the Germans who were good fighters and of enormous assistance to Franco in the civil war, are well liked. Berlin has spent a great deal of money in the country by means of frozen credits and has pursued her usual policy, so successful in Norway, Russia and the Balkans, of placing technicians in every vital plant and factory. The commercial reorganization of Spain is on a Teutonic pattern. There are thousands of German Gestapo in Madrid, Barcelona and San

Sebastian. The press and radio are almost wholly inspired by Berlin. We have no suitable propaganda and very few satisfactory personal contacts. A liberal politician wrote me two weeks ago from Madrid: "Everything effective here is done and said by Germans".

General Franco, who is a realist as well as a strong imperialist, must of course be influenced (1) by our close understanding with the U.S.A. (2) by the attitude of the 20 Latin American Republics in which the Spanish and Portuguese peoples are opposed to war; (3) by Hitler's failure to invade Britain; (4) by the remarkable inefficiency of the Italian fleet; (5) by the starvation which would follow a British blockade; (6) by the physical exhaustion of his own country and its division into a number of violently hostile parties. For Catalonia is still vigorously Socialist, the Basques still want complete independence and many of the miners and artisans are still anarchist.

It would be no easy task to bring a united Spain into any war. The best bait would be Gibraltar, as logically a part of Spain as the Isle of Wight is of Britain. But if Franco, the great colonial, dreams in the Imperial manner of Marshal Lyautey, he will be faced with a difficulty which few in England realize. For twenty million Spaniards abhor the name of Morocco. Beyond their coveted Tangier whose possession with that of Ceuta and Gibraltar would make the straits a Spanish waterway, lie 40 years of death, disease and dishonesty. Fifty thousand Spaniards have already died unnecessarily in the Riff wars. Spanish women have already thrown themselves on the railway lines to prevent trains leaving Madrid for 'the cemetery of Africa'. So Franco may well commit the irreparable mistake if he tries to force whatever is left of the people's Spain into another Moroccan campaign.

There is still a great deal of discontent in the Atlas and the Riff. The tribesmen would be divided. In the French zone, the Moors would certainly support whoever fought in defence of Lyautey's heritage. They have always believed in France and to a lesser extent in England, because of the honour we paid their great soldier when he left Morocco. They have no confidence in Spain.

Once only—in the third holiest mosque in Islam—prayers were offered for a Christian. This supreme tribute was accorded to Maréchal Lyautey. It may be that the spirit of this man who was a liberal with an imperial vision, still stands

on guard against the ambitions of Franco, the political chicanery of Hitler and the fears of Pétain. But France's fighting strength is further East. The pivots of her defence system are the naval bases of Toulon and Bizerta. The importance of the latter is supreme for it should guard the narrow sea-passage, scarely 100 miles wide, between Sicily and Tunisia. The North African forces are an integral part of the French army. They include the famous Tirailleurs, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Spahis, the Camels Corps which has opened the Sahara and the great deserts of Mauretania, and the Foreign Legion. In the last war, Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria provided France with over a quarter of a million fighting men. They could do as well or better to-day. And in August, 1939, when I was last in Tunisia, the French colonial troops—among the best in the world—were prepared to hold North Africa at all costs. The Bey of Tunis had just ordered every Arab between the ages of 18 and 50 to report to the local government for military service. There was dissatisfaction in the villages and nomad camps. "For", said a sheikh with his beard dyed green as a sign that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, "what is this nonsense about age? A man begins at 14 and he does not end when his hair shows white. We are all men. We shall all fight for France". If Monsieur Reynaud had transferred his government to North Africa he would have found an empire united—and delighted—behind him. And in the Mareth Line, he would have had stronger fortifications than the Maginot. For this triple desert defence line is a natural feature, consisting of hills and rocks as well as hidden forts. It is supremely modern in its mobility and like the Siegfried can be defended from any angle. It is amply furnished with water and strategic roads form a network of supply beyond reach of anything but air attack. The Mareth fortifications stretch along the Tunisian-Tripolitanian frontier from the Gulf of Gaves in the Mediterranean to the great dune belt of the Sahara which has not yet been crossed by motorized units. Its strongest points at Foum-Tatahouine and Remada are the advance posts of a defence system which by nature of the country would be practically impregnable. Held by France's incomparable black Tirailleurs it was, as Marshal Balbo said to me in the summer of 1939, "the point at which our dream of taking French Tunisia becomes a nightmare".

The famous Italian airman might have proved himself as great a colonial as his model Marshal Lyautey. For he had already

created a Roman colony in Tripolitania. His feat of transporting ten thousand carefully chosen farmers with their families from Italy and establishing them, within ten days of their leaving home, in newly built villages complete to the last detail—crops planted, beasts in the stable, food in the larder, fires laid and matches ready—was as successful as it was spectacular. The new agricultural colonies flourished. Marshal Balbo organized others on the same scale for the local Arabs. He paid good wages, better than France could afford in neighbouring Tunisia, for road construction, building and waterworks. He gave Italian citizenship to able-bodied men who wanted to enter the army and raised new irregular levies whose loyalty was a matter of self-interest. For Tripolitania had been very poor indeed, under nominal Senussi rule, with the pre-fascist Italians huddled behind their barbed wire in the coastal districts. The Marshal was definitely popular, for he gave the Arabs work and wages. A year ago in the local cafés, there was a great deal of talk about Spain having been twice conquered from North Africa. " Our Balbo will do the same for Italy," said an innkeeper in Benghazi, "then we shall be saved from the German alliance." This year, there were whispers of the Marshal's " execution " with the leaders of his shadow cabinet, all of them pledged to a *coup d'état* which would have freed whatever was constructive in Fascism from the tyranny of Nazi destruction.

One of the Air-Marshal's greatest achievements in his Governorate of Tripolitania is the system of excellent motor roads, stretching from the Tunisian frontier to the Egyptian—a matter of 1400 miles. The main coast road is linked to Italy's huge inland fortress of Nalut, thence by a branch to the mobile posts at Giada, Jefren and Garian, with an effective loop to the all important air-base at Castel Benito. These communications render Italy's forces—highly motorized and equipped with the most modern mechanical transport—exceedingly mobile. But success in this oil and water war depends largely on the supply systems behind the front. Roman cisterns, some of them so large and so far underground that they might be catacombs, have doubtless been restored and put into use. Cæsar's legions lived, marched and fought their wars on this water, but their needs were limited to drink for men and beasts.

There are wells in the coastal oases and in Jarabub which Italy has transformed in the last ten years from a desert Oxford, headquarters of the fanatical Senussi brotherhood, to

a fortified base with an aerodrome. There are large lakes in Kufra* which until 1931 was forbidden ground to the infidel. When Italy's mechanized forces supported by planes captured the valley from the Senussi and turned hundreds of tribesmen with their families into the desert to die of thirst, she began to construct a pipeline to supply her Southern line of defence or attack. There is enough water in the Kufra oases, especially in Buseima where it is only slightly brackish, to fill every radiator in Italian North Africa. But the 'holy place' of heretical Islam lies 250 to 280 miles away from any Egyptian objective.

In the last decade, Italy has had considerable experience of waterless campaigns, but neither in the Fezzan, in Lybia or in Abyssinia had she any serious military opposition to overcome. The extent of her North African forces is not fully known. Usually they consist of three complete army corps, two white and one native, but the large number of Government workers are reservists under military discipline and even in peace, these with the farming emigrants form a potential addition to the armed forces. One of the aims of organized colonization has been to make Lybia and its armies independent in the matter of food, but the Colony has no minerals or industries. She has to import her oil and war materials from Italy. There are excellent harbours on the Lybian coast, with strong naval bases at Tripoli, Benghazi and Tobruk. From the first of these to Syracuse is 300 miles. Malta lies in between.

So long as Italy can send fuel, ammunition and reinforcements across the narrow Mediterranean waist, occupying if necessary, the magnificent French harbour at Bizerte, she can maintain her over-large forces in unproductive Lybia. She has large dumps of petrol in North Africa, to which she has been adding during the whole of this year. But if her communications can be cut by our navy, it would be difficult for her army to continue the operations which cost so much in fuel and munitions. Unfortunately French ships are running between Toulon and Tunisia. It is unlikely that Italy has no back doors through which she can increase her stores in Lybia. And Marshal Graziani's advance is only one prong of the trident by means of which the Axis hopes to destroy Britain in the Middle East. The others are the Kassala route from Abyssinia towards the vital Nile dam at Sennar, South of

*Kufra was first discovered by Rosita Forbes, in Arab disguise, and Ahmed Bey Hassanein in the winter of 1920-21.

Khartoum and the Syrian way, by which every General from Pompey to Napoeleon, failed to implement an imperial design.

II.

The evacuation of Somaliland was inevitable, after the capitulation of the French. The withdrawal from Kassala, the second town of importance in the Sudan, with its railway line and its district market—always a useful source of information or propaganda—was as necessary as the slow retreat along the Mediterranean from Sollum to Mersa Matruh. But all this has been disturbing to Arab peoples in North Africa and the Middle East. Italy has been clever in her presentation of news. In Tunisia, Tripolitania, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, she broadcasts in the local form of Arabic exactly what the people most want to hear. The villages and the Bedouin camps listen to their own songs, jokes, aspirations and provincial affairs against a background of Roman interest. If Italy wins the war " not an officer or an official will be left to interfere with you ". " Once more, you will have your country for your own race and your own faith." These mendacious suggestions, at variance with every ambition of the Duce, have had their effect. The older Arab leaders may have little faith in Italian promises. They must remember the atrocities following the occupation of Kufra in 1931. But many of the Lybian tribes who fought for Turkey in the last war and since then have been in close touch with Egypt, have thrown in their lot with Marshal Graziani. Cairo and Baghdad are doubtful. The young King Farouk, still influenced perhaps by his Father's undoubted interest in Rome, and the Sherifian Emir, Regent of Iraq—whose family was promised a united Arabia after the last war—have watched the sweeping German successes and our loss of one " useless desert " after another. They are no military strategists to realize that defence of the Suez Canal, with the Arabian road to oil, is not seriously affected by what happens on the borders of Abyssinia or Tripolitania.

The last Prime Minister of Egypt could look no further than the Italian mechanized armies invading from Lybia, their Western frontier secured by France's failure. His successor, Hassan Sabry Pasha, is a man of strong will and energy who shows every intention of co-operating with us at the right moment. It is probable that, by British design, the moment is wisely postponed. For a neutral Egypt limits the target area of Italian planes.

Already Graziani's air force has bombed holy places of Islam and done something to remedy our errors of 1918-19 when, betraying the promises made by Sir Henry MacMahon and Lord Curzon—" While the sun rises and sets, the Arab flag shall fly over the cities of Hama, Homs, Damascus and Aleppo "—we trafficked with France and Zion to cut Arabia into mandates and semi-independent states. At this moment a peninsular united from the Turkish frontier to Aden would be more useful to us than the Jehad—the holy war suggested during Ramadan by certain religious leaders in Bhutan, Jerusalem and Cairo. In a land where 120 million people used to live, rich, prosperous, concerned with a vast trade in silk, spices, coffee, metal-work, hides, wool and grain, 18 millions now exist in poverty. A dozen unnecessary frontiers limit initiative and commerce.

It may be too difficult now to mend what Versailles so illogically broke, but the influence of a land where all the Semitic races, Jews, Moslems and Christians were united under a federal government, with local autonomy to satisfy provincial needs and circumstances, would be immense. There is one man who could do this work so far as the Arabs are concerned—and would carry it through where Colonel Lawrence failed. His name is Major Glubb. For ten years he was on desert patrol with the Trans-Jordan Arab Legion and is known to the Bedouin of the great tribal confederations still free of nation or frontier, as Abu el Hanak—the Father of a Jaw. When I last talked with Mussolini, the only Middle Eastern personage about whom he asked was this quiet, inconspicuous man in the early forties, and the Duce knew more about the achievements of John Bagot Glubb than we do in England.

For twenty years Palestine has been split by the conflicting designs of Lord Balfour and Lord Curzon. Jew and Arab imagined that the land sacred to three great religions was his alone. Each race has been severely disillusioned and each blames Whitehall. There is of course no sympathy for Nazi Germany among the Zionist traders and expert agriculturalists who have brought prosperity to their highly developed Palestinian zones. And many Arabs still have a sentimental leaning towards the British among whom they have found devoted and self-sacrificing friends. Colonel Lawrence's has always been a European reputation. His name means nothing to the Bedouin, with whom he fought well in the service—they supposed—of their leader and saviour, the Emir Feisul, but whom

he deserted when the Treaty of Versailles made things too difficult. A dozen others stood by them through the years of painful re-adjustment and it is to these their loyalty goes—to St. John Philby in Nejd, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis and Gertrude Bell in Iraq, Bertram Thomas in Muscat and Peake Pasha in Trans-Jordan.

We have had too many illusions about Arabia. It is time we faced facts. Of these, the least palatable are the Italian influence spreading from Yemen, where Rome has armed and financed the Imam Yehya, and the channel provided for German money and news by the wanderings of the Kochis or the Suleiman Kheil. This gypsy people travels from Afghanistan and Persia through the vital oil lands to the shores of the Gulf and the markets of Baghdad, Basra and Mosul. Their camels carry more than merchandise. Each caravan represents a branch of Asia's banking and telegraph system.

Arabia is quite as important to us as Egypt and we still have considerable assets in the mobility of our defences. The British fleet holds Alexandria, but also Haifa which is the end of the pipeline from the Iraq oil fields. East of Alexandria, the several mouths of the Nile provide reserve defences for Suez. But on the Arabian side of the Canal there is a desert more formidable than the one which Italian troops must cross to attack Egypt. It is waterless except in two places and barred by irregular hills and the shifting dunes which are almost impassable for heavy mechanized transport. Beyond this, Palestine, Akaba and Trans-Jordan are garrisoned with British, Australian and Indian troops. At present these are supplied with munitions, food and reinforcements through the Suez Canal or by the African roads still open to England. For them, the petrol which must be a source of deep anxiety to Italy, wherever she operates, is turned on as if from a tap. The pipe line can be patrolled—as well as attacked—from the air. In a straight line and clearly visible, it runs direct across the desert surface, linking the wells with our ships and planes at Haifa. If Egypt were overwhelmed by Italian forces preponderating in number, expert in African war, with every form of mechanical equipment at their command, our troops in Egypt could retire on Palestine and still hold by means of Akaba and the Sinai peninsula the Red Sea entry to the Canal and its exit to the Mediterranean.

The narrow cut at Suez, which could be blocked by the sinking of one ship will eventually mean life—no less—to the Italian

garrisons in Abyssinia and Somaliland. They are not self-supporting. They can spread further and further into Africa, but they *cannot* get effective supplies except by sea. If she can force the Canal, Italy may be able to run the blockade with food and munitions for her beleaguered fortress of Abyssinia. But her fleet would have to hold our own at bay and the capture of the Egyptian bank of the Canal would not put an end to Graziani's difficulties.

In Palestine during the last war, Turkey held us for years. " The Turks," according to Hitler, " are the best soldiers in the world for they fight without thinking." Of his own allies the Führer, who has few illusions, said " There is nothing to choose between Italians and Roumanians. Both are equally bad—but there are, fortunately or unfortunately, more of the first ".

Palestine is not dependent on the Canal. At the end of the last war, a couple of adventurous Englishmen, the Nairn brothers, made a desert track between Baghdad and Jerusalem. When I first crossed it in an open roadster, there was no stopping for 38 hours. Every driver was armed and Arab guides accompanied the convoy to find an unmarked way. Now there is a 'highroad' as well as the pipeline and the new railway linking Turkey to Baghdad. By that desert way direct from the Persian Gulf, a three-day sea route from India, or a day by air from Iraq to Jodhpur, can come all that our Mediterranean expeditionary forces need. The bastions of imperial India stretch from Malta to Aden. Where France has failed us and Turkey must at present remain a non-belligerent because of her well-established and valuable friendship with Russia, India has come to the rescue. The Middle East will be the main battle ground for her army. Her warships already patrol the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Her plants and factories have already sent us 75 million rounds of rifle ammunition, 200,000 shells as well as rifles, tents, sandbags, blankets, saddles for our cavalry brigades, harness for our mules in Palestine, ground sheets, greatcoats and 150,000 pairs of army boots.

That Egypt and Palestine are frontiers of Indian security, no experienced Indian leader doubts. For if we were forced out of the Middle East, the oil of Iraq would go to Germany and the immense Persian fields might be handed over to Russia in exchange for a free hand in the Balkans and Asia Minor.

The one vital need of Germany is oil. For this she plans her prodigious drive from Berlin to Baghdad. For this she

must fight across the ' bridge of Asia ', instead of concentrating on the organization of her united states of Europe, while—as she hopes—the growing strength of her submarine blockade, backed by bombers, forces Britain into acquiescence.

In 1938, General Löb stated that Germany needed to import 2,700,000 tons of petroleum yearly in various forms to meet her peacetime requirements. In that year she acquired 4,218,000 tons, so that she was able to store a third. Since then she has greatly increased her own production. The Nienhagen fields South East of Hamburg supply her with three quarters of her home output which for the first six months of 1939 was 365,000 tons. Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the Jaslo oil field in German occupied Poland all contribute to the Reich's needs and her scientists expect that in addition to the Ruhr plants using the Bergius and Fischer Tropsch processes for producing fuel oils from bituminous coal, four new plants including the enormous Hydrierwerk Politz A.G. at Stettin will be working this winter. By 1942, Germany hoped to be independent so far as her peace-time needs were concerned. But it takes five tons of bituminous coal and far more lignite to make one ton of liquid fuel. Germany's synthetic process does not produce much aircraft fuel. For this special petrol dependent on a high proportion of octane, she must go East. Before the war she imported from Venezuela, the Dutch East Indies, U.S.A., Mexico, India, Peru, Persia, Roumania and Russia. All these sources except the last two are closed. So 83 per cent. of her usual oil imports have been eliminated. It has been calculated that this will leave her short by 2,000,000 tons a year of her peace-time requirements. Roumania and Russia will have to make up the far larger amount the Reich requires in war, but there are transport difficulties. German and Russian railways have a different gauge and Soviet rolling stock is limited. Roumanian oil used to be shipped to Germany from Constanza on the Black Sea all the way round Europe to Hamburg. Very little went up the Danube which freezes in mid-winter. Now Italy is organizing a Danubian Flotilla Co. and with commandeered barges it is supposed that a million tons of oil can be shipped up the great river. Hungary has given a German Company the right to drill in her Danubian plains. American experts say that 60 to 100 million tons of Roumanian oil can still be exploited. Russian reserves are large, but the Soviet uses at the moment within a million tons of what her wells produce. So Germany—at war—is left with a deficit of 12 or 13 million tons of oil fuels a year, if her tanks, submarines and

planes are to operate to capacity and her factories are to work two or three shifts a day. Where can she go to satisfy this imperative need except to Iraq and Persia? The first produces nearly 4½ million tons and the second over 10¼ million, but both have only scraped the surface so far as production is concerned. The wells of the famous Anglo-Iranian Co. could be multiplied right up under the great limestone dome of Central Asia, which is the fourth largest natural oil tank in the world, through Mazanderan, richest province of Iran, to the shores of the Russian Caspian. Three years ago in Moscow, Stalin, discussing the certainty of a European war, said to me, " Persia's oil is more valuable than her carpets and far more interesting to me. Only with oil can I conquer the immeasurable distances in the Soviet Republics."

From Dakar and Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf or the Black Sea, this is a war for fuel and raw materials. Hitler does not want African or Asian land to colonize. He wants what that land produces in natural wealth. Only Mussolini collects, or attempts to collect desert after desert—dreaming of the recreation of an empire in North Africa, forgetting that Rome's ancient prosperity in these regions depended on the rainfall which has disappeared with the forests. Hitler is far more shrewd and so it seems is Stalin. For the Russian Dictator has shown none of the Czars' eagerness for a Mediterranean port. His Southern provinces can trade with the Balkans by way of the Black Sea and the Danube. The Baltic has been secured. Where Soviet influence can profitably be extended is in China, Persia and Afghanistan. Here there is no possibility of conflict with Germany. And Hitler, always ready to dispose of other people's countries as if they were merchandise on a counter, is anxious to barter—Iran to Moscow and Syria to Ankara in return for freedom of action in the Middle East.

Syria is the lost key to the Arabian situation and one of the most bewilderng countries in the world. Since the end of the last war, her history has been a succession of hopeless rebellions punctuated by alternate slaughter and concessions on the part of France, the Mandatory Power. When General Sarrail turned his guns on the undefended markets of Damascus to quell one of the usual city disturbances, he planted the seeds which bore fruit in the Druse wars. Years later, the exile of many hundred Druses to the salt desert between Azraq and Nejd, made certain the bitterness of to-day which waits only a signal from Turkey.

For twenty years, Government in Syria as in Palestine has

been unnecessarily cumbersome. It has interfered with the lives, possessions and activities of the inhabitants, Moslem, Jew or Christian, to an extent which has produced continuous conflict. But the problem is acutest in Syria. To this loosely woven mesh of dissident races, with twenty different religious sects—each distrustful of the others—France came in Napoleonic guise. She saw herself after the fashion of *La Reine Claude* or the old song *Partons pour la Syrie* and in the Lebanon, whose modern merchants take their religion, their clothes, habits and opinions from Paris, she was welcomed as the Deliverer. But the mass of Arab peoples preferred familiar, easy-going Turkey on whose passport they had been accustomed to travel without hindrance from Mediterranean to Indian Ocean. Independence has always been the firebrand of Middle Eastern politics. But " national freedom " is interpreted in many different ways. To civilized Lebanon it means autonomy with an elective parliamentary system and a treaty with France according to which Syria shall be financed and protected in return for flying the Tricoleur in as few places as possible. To Damascan Moslems it means a kingdom or republic including absolute dominion over the Christian seaboard and the Druses of the Hauran who are Arab only by generic name and Moslem in nothing at all. The Druses expect the term to include the mediæval right of raiding. They are prepared to settle with the rifle any further disputes arising from twenty different conceptions of nationalism. It is probable that to Armenians, Assyrians, Chaldæans and such strange survivals as the Devil worshippers—peaceful farmers in Jebel Sinjar—and the devotees of the moon, the fish, water or the colour blue, the most consoling definition of freedom would be incorporation in a French colony.

Unfortunately—for those High Commissioners who honestly attempted to administer their Mandate for the mutual benefit of all races concerned—Syria is a continent in miniature. Among its most important elements are the two sharply divided Moslem parties, Sunnites and Shias, each over 150,000 strong and a third as many worshippers of the symbolic Golden Calf in Jebel Druse. Syrians, Greeks and Armenians are split into Orthodox and Catholic factions. Maronites and Metouelis carry on persistent feuds with the Bedouins who are still in the days of Abraham and with the Chaldæans whose spiritual home is still Babylon. Jews, Ottoman and Osmanli Turks, Latin and Balkin merchants add to the confusion of centuries. How can a Western power cope with 4000 years of mediæval

history? Syria has had too much of everything—too much government and too much taxation, too many races and religions, too many promises and ministries and nationalists and officials. At this moment she is poorer than I have known her in twenty years. For her gold was taken in exchange for paper francs. To-day she has nothing to sell and no money with which to buy. In the cafés of Damascus and Beyrout French soldiers talk about the new insistent demands of Italy, but they are far more interested in politics than in the war. They want to make sure of their pay now and their pensions later on. Both these depend on Vichy. The French are a thrifty race. They may risk their lives, but never their savings. So there is no reason—in French minds—why Syria, assured of sustenance, and promised trade with the Axis via Turkey and the Balkans, should venture anything for a cause still on the defensive. Unfortunately, the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 20 years ago, whose protagonists were an adventurous English imperialist and a French Consul shrewd to the point of brilliance gave as Southern frontier to Syria the Ras na Kura heights which command Haifa. So our vital harbour and the terminus of the pipeline from Baghdad might be within range of Axis guns. A hostile force in Syria, above all Italian planes operating from Rayak, could cut off our supplies from Iraq. For if Egypt ever has to be evacuated and the Suez Canal blocked, our highroad for food and munitions must come overland from the Persian Gulf. Turkey's back door is in the same direction. For she has completed an important strategic railway linking Ankara with Mosul and Baghdad. While she holds this line she does not need entry into Europe. She could lose Constantinople and still be safe where the genius of Kemal enthroned her among the Anatolian hills. But she must have command of her Eastern railway and for ten miles this all-important line runs through French mandated Syria. In view of the British-Turkish trade pact with India and the Dominions, this loop of railway to Aleppo, which town logically belongs to the port of Alexandretta, now a Turkish sanjak, becomes immensely significant.

The Berlin-Rome-Tokyo pact may not threaten Russia, but its terms must make the Soviet anxious to keep her chief trade roads open and one of the most important is the Turkish railway to Baghdad. So Russia as well as the neighbouring Moslem countries may be interested in an independent Syria, or one freed from Axis control through Vichy.

Kemal used to say to me, "I only want Turks in my new

Turkey". So, given complete control of his own Eastbound railway, President Ineunu may ask no more than a free Syria, or one federated with the other Arab states. But if Italian occupation threatens Turkey, by agreement with Russia, would have to fight—and there is a saying in Arabia "You cannot defeat Turkey. You can only kill Turks." The France of Vichy, which at present is the only effective France and may be the whole of France if Laval or Flandin achieves a position in the Nazis' European federation, or if the Comte de Paris agrees to a puppet kingship—that France naturally wishes to use Syria as a counter in her bargaining with the Reich. But it seems she plays a losing game. For if we are defeated she will surely forfeit her mandate to Italy and if we win this Middle-Eastern oil and water war, to Turkey or to the Syrians themselves.

Meanwhile, in all the Mediterranean, on a front which stretches politically and strategically, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, two of the most important points are Dakar and Aleppo. The first may share control of the South Atlantic, while the second commands the only railway leading to our Eastern stores. Pétain, distraught by diverse loyalties may hold them as long as he can. But Hitler is always three moves ahead of any democratic politician—Roosevelt is the nearest to him in breadth of vision and foresight.

Our command of the seas and our equally important dominion in the realm of oil will be precarious so long as the Axis can make use of Dakar and prevent Britain or Turkey making use of the railway at Aleppo. On these two points, so far apart, the question of empire or federation in the Mediterranean may eventually depend.

V. SACKVILLE WEST

A Poet in a Tradition

By Richard Church

WHILE considering the work of Edmund Blunden, I remarked upon the pause in his reputation, due to the excitement of the last ten years and the way in which it has overloaded the younger men's poetry with political and social obsession. Blunden's muse, with its preoccupations, was neglected. So too, has been that of Victoria Sackville-West, another Kentish writer, another poet given to the exploration of solitude, to a private agony, and its assuagement in the delights of the soil. It will be interesting, therefore, to look at her work, especially as she also has published a volume of 'collected' poems, which suggests that she considers herself set in form and theme.

Another likeness between these two poets is their predilection toward an eighteenth century manner of diction. But while with Mr. Blunden it is due to his intense literary interests, with the other it is the outcome of something possibly more native, more inherent in her personality. It is difficult not to exaggerate in this matter, for merely in suggesting an eighteenth century predilection I may give the impression that these poets are stiff, archaic. But they are not. Both are passionate and immediate in their work; more and more so as the reader grows accustomed to their methods of self-expression. The singularities of Miss Sackville-West's diction reflect a correspondingly singular concentration of interest, of emotion, upon a theme that is one of the constants in English poetry, indeed in all poetry: the relationship between man and the soil. Ranging between extremes of realism and artificiality, poets during the past two thousand years have put their muse behind the plough and all that it represents.

Thus Miss Sackville-West is traditional, even old-fashioned, both in matter and manner, and it may be said at once that this reluctance frequently fetters the spirit of her work, and encourages a personal timidity through which it is the duty

of an artist to break. At its most repressive moments, it piles up poetic phrases in her work, conventionalises emotions, and dodges behind literary echoes of form and diction. Here is an example.

No lights are burning in the ivory tower
Like a tall lily in the moonlight risen;
No light, tonight, within the ivory prison.
No golden glow behind the blackened panes
Like golden anthers in a blackened flower;
The gates are looped, tonight, with hasps and chains.
Only the little virgin coldly smiling
With carven finger raised to carven lip
In secrecy beneath the latticed moon
Preserves her secret, keeps her virgin watch
On silvered fields that to the silver heaven
Lie open as the restless summer sea
Crossed by one tall incautious sailing-ship,
Or love to lover generously given.

Indeed, no lights are burning in the ivory tower. But that is not the only tower which this poet inhabits. I should say that it is a place where she retreats during certain moods of weariness of mind, of defeatism, when confidence falls low, and her sense of purpose wavers. She is not often to be found there. Her more natural place is in a tower not of ivory, but of brick, a richly coloured house set in a richly coloured land, and furnished with a collection of treasures gathered by her as she has ranged over time, scholarship, and life. This tower, not pallid and circular, but eight-sided, represents at each angle an idiosyncracy of the person within, whose vigour, sensuality, tenderness, imagination, passionate historical realism, compassion, practicalness, and common-sense are graphed thereby. It is this poet, in this setting, with whom I am concerned in my effort to trace the course of my response to her work, and my conviction that this work has the quality of permanence.

Of course, there are poems coming from the ivory tower which have an air of authority about them. One of them I must quote, for it is as though a pagan Christina Rossetti had borrowed Alice Meynell's pen, and written something dangerous to them both.

Do not forget, my dear, that once we loved.
Remember only, free of stain or smutch,
That passion once went naked and ungloved,
And that your skin was startled by my touch.
And though the processes of mortal change
Delude you now to different belief,
Consider only that the heart's a strange
Quick turn-coat, undeserving of your grief.

> Forget,—regret,—should these two words be brothers?
> If rhyme to rhyme be kith, so let them be!
> Pass from my heart towards the heart of others;
> But in your passing, half-remember me.

And from the dweller in the brick tower, with its eight angles of personality, come phrases, such as "the tardy herd", too indolently plucked from stock; while her strength, her close contact with fact, sometimes brings a stiffness, a humourless droop, such as Wordsworth displayed when he introduced his Mr. Wilkinson to an awe-stricken world—but not awe-stricken in the sense that Wordsworth intended.

Now out of all this adverse criticism, the true poet, the author of *The Land*, *Sissinghurst*, and many other poems, emerges free. She is an artist who knows herself, her faults, limitations, and the settlement of her interests. This last coincides with certain other settlements, and notably that of the decay, or change, of our rural civilization. There is thus a sort of preservative, or recording value in her poem *The Land*, underlying its true poetic worth. *The Land* is a picture of certain aspects of an England which is vanishing; the England of a ripe and comely culture which has been sung by Crabbe, Cowper, Thomson, Gray, Tennyson, Hardy, Hewlett, Bridges, Blunden, and many others since the days of William Langland. Our social historians, such as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, and old Uncle Cobbett, have shown us the seamy side of that bucolic scene; the gross brutality, injustice, covert slavery, squalor and filth. But in the bringing of those things to light, our historians have tended to neglect the positive qualities of a countryside held together by the pattern of the Feudal System and the rule-of-thumb Guilds. They have dismissed as superstition much of the lore of the peasant, and have failed to explain the secrets of his craft, secrets that were learned from no Trade Union handbook. They have neglected his personal delight and the simplicity of his relationship with the earth he tilled, the birds and animals he both loved and preyed on, the flowers he sometimes trod underfoot and sometimes set in the window of his mind, the God he worshipped in his village churches and objurgated in his week-day superstitions. It was left for the poets to record those things, and Miss Sackville-West has played a noble part in this preservation of something which is precious, and which is vanishing.

For whether we wish it or not, we all have to offer our farewell, and face about to another England that has yet to mellow for the poets of the future to gather and convert into music,

replacing our nostalgia by one for things and conditions not yet emerged. The change, which has been gathering speed during the past quarter of a century, has suddenly come avalanching toward us as wartime necessity has split our national customs. We see at the moment agriculture and horticulture being industrialized and mechanized; put onto a business-like basis. It is, of course, a healthy thing to do; but it is likely to produce a countryside which, as well as enjoying physical comforts and urban labour-saving devices, will be noisy with the newest amenities; the tractor, the bus, the radio, the aeroplane. Populations and factories will be more evenly distributed. The New Forest will be loud with the mass-producing of standardized furniture, and the fields of Herefordshire with the canning of milk.

People who were born in the vanished England cannot yet acclimatize themselves to the change, and suffer from the delusion that the possibilities of bucolic poetry are dead. They cling to the past, amateur anatomists of melancholy, re-reading the autumnal songs that gather more and more mists of pathos as the world they celebrated recedes.

Miss Sackville-West is conscious that she is one of these people, and that her music represents their golden and almost enjoyable despair. In the most deep-sounding of her poems, *Sissinghurst*, she pictures herself as "a tired swimmer in the waves of time", moving vainly in the tides of memory,

> . . . . by birthright far from present fashion,
> As no disturber of the mirrored trance
> I move, and to the world above the waters
> Wave my incognisance.

And again, she says,

> I let a plummet down in lieu of date,
> And lose myself within a slumber,
> Submerged, elate.

Throughout her work this quality of personal elegy, the celebration of emotions that at the time seemed inexhaustible and insurmountable, yet have been survived by her, persists as a sort of ground-bass, giving a deep tone to her verse, a Roman quality which has perhaps much to do with her attraction toward the work of Virgil, and the conscious modelling of *The Land* on the form and mood of *The Georgics*. The two poems can fruitfully be studied together, and for this purpose I would recommend the recent translation of *The Georgics* made by Mr. Cecil Day Lewis. It will be noted that Miss Sackville-West heads *The Land* with a quotation from

The Georgics, which in Mr. Day Lewis's version runs thus:

> I'm well aware it's hard to master this subject in words
> And honour a theme so restricted.

Through that restriction of theme, however, she has mastered more than her subject. She has mastered also the waywardness and turbulence of her moods, brought down their vagueness to a precision that is hard and objective, given them a universal out of a personal value. She has put her hand to the plough in more senses than one. She says that "the country habit has me by the heart", and her heart, under that discipline, works the more harmoniously with her mind. This process, a hard one which cannot be mastered merely by willing, needs time, patience and experience before it can be acquired. Once acquired, however, it produces that essential poetry which is content with simple words, unliterary associations, and humble effects. Here is an instance, from *The Land*.

> Now in the radiant night no men are stirring:
> The little houses sleep with shuttered panes;
> Only the hares are wakeful, loosely loping
> Along the hedges with their easy gait,
> And big loose ears, and pad-prints crossing snow;
> The ricks and trees stand silent in the moon,
> Loaded with snow, and tiny drifts from branches
> Slip to the ground in woods with sliding sigh.

It shows that she has found a new concentration of power. She is conscious of it, though in her poem she attributes it as a quality lost by the yeoman whose way of life she is describing;

> The power of being alone with earth and skies,
> Of going about a task with quietude,
> Aware at once of earth's surrounding mood
> And of an insect crawling on a stone.

That is a concise summing up of the poet's function; his universality, his particularity. It is in his gait between the two extremes, as he keeps up his lifelong traffic, fetching and carrying the references of each to the other, that we recognize him by his rhythm, and that posterity recognizes him. Such recognition comes constantly to the reader of *The Land;* those moments of being surrounded by the essential self of poetry. It is an experience impossible to account for, or to define. One can only give examples. It can come in a single line, as

> Some saddening of the sky before the shower,

or it can accumulate through a whole cadence, or verse-paragraph, as in

All craftsmen share a knowledge. They have held
Reality down fluttering to a bench;
Cut wood to their own purposes; compelled
The growth of pattern with the patient shuttle;
Drained acres to a trench.
Control is theirs. They have ignored the subtle
Release of spirit from the jail of shape.
They have been concerned with prison, not escape;
Pinioned the fact, and let the rest go free,
And out of need made inadvertent art.
All things designed to play a faithful part
Build up their plain particular poetry.

It can now be seen how she is affected by her subject. But the fate, the environment of an artist is not the whole factor. I doubt even if it sets the dominant of his work. I see rather more mystery than that in the synthesis. It is true—as Addington Symonds believed—that the artist is fettered by his period. But it is the way he wears his fetters which distinguishes him, and gives him a unique and permanent value. So with Miss Sackville-West; while we recognize the restrictions imposed upon her by place and time (and their inter-action), we ultimately appreciate her for the personality which used and pervades that predicament. For myself, I find this personality always, and in all moods (except perhaps the "ivory tower" one) acceptable and satisfying. It has that rare quality, grace. Cowper had it in abundance. It is the secret of some likeness between these two poets. It explains why they both love quietude; why they both are gentle and grave and deliberate.

Then again I find in Miss Sackville-West an aloofness that amounts sometimes to an artificiality. I have already tried to trace the negative origin of that element in her work. But it has its effect, as it has in the work of Thomas Gray. It gives them both a sense of reserve and dignity that forbids and therefore invites approach, and touches the movement of their verse with a stateliness as in a *pavane*. This quality can carry them both over moments and moods where a more spontaneous and exalted poet would drop to a commonplace saunter. Where it goes with inspiration, it enriches it with a formality that is regal. We know how Gray could wear the purple. Here is an example from Miss Sackville-West.

The owl with short and silent stroke
Deadly to fieldfare or to mouse,
Slants from the apple to the oak
Across the orchard near the house;
And through the grasses creep the small
Creatures of twilight, hid by day;

The snail beside the garden wall,
The mole on his myopic way.

She can be lavish with such lines as

The sower with his gesture like a gift

and

Exalted, deathly, silent and alone.

All these examples are most characteristic of this poet. Their technique (notice the lovely use of the labial in the last) is an emanation of the spirit of the person who creates it, betraying her cultural origins, and also the very hand-touch, lips, eyes, and hair-perfume of her spirit. As in Gray, the aloofness, the convention, only attract attention to the shyness they are intended to disguise. The failure becomes one of the excellences of the poet's style, savouring the poetic dish with a touch of intrigue, of duplicity more innocent than naivety can ever be.

Such the circumstances, such the character, which make *The Land* one of the most complete and beautiful bucolics written in English. I think that I must have read it, sometimes to myself, sometimes aloud, at least ten times, with the strengthened conviction that here is poetry assured of permanence. As I write now, once again filled with delight, I recall the two selves of this poet, symbolized respectively by the ivory tower and the eight-sided tower of brick, and I see them, in this long poem, united in a way which is best described by a verse from a later poem.

Never to lose, and never to forget
Strength of initiation, gravely won,
But through the day's incertitude and fret
To keep this steadfast secret shared with none;
This transcendental truth of unison
Where we with nature, rarely tuned aright,
Met more intensely pitched,
Descending changed by that high symphony,
Changed, different, enriched,
Exalted to a faith in immortality.

After that, I can close this study of her work only by verse of my own, a direct address to a poet who falsely and bitterly accuses herself of being "a damned out-moded poet". I answer that as follows.

You in your octagon, your tower,
Searching the centuries for words
Winged like the white and poulter birds
Homing through air on their own power;
You in your garden where the moat

At dusk burns with reflected fire
Consuming lilies that still float
Unharmed by that remote desire;
I see these ancient and these late
Devices of the soul to tell
The urgings of our tragic state,
And turn our sorrow like a bell
Whose music with ironic tongue
Shall clap the eight-sided walls with sound
Such as the Grecian Furies sung,—
Then sweetly go to English ground,
Symbol of gentleness and power,
You, in your octagon, your tower.

PADDINGTON: PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN

By Barbara Bliss

PADDINGTON, to the world, means a London station and nothing more. Even Londoners do not know what portion of London is covered by the name. It is in fact a town of architectural merit, the main part of which was laid out between 1824 and 1840. Most of the land is owned by one landlord.

In a sense the whole of Paddington is patrician. As on all the great estates in London the speculative-architects planned first to attract substantial families to take long leases of the houses, knowing well that demands for houses from professional people, tradesmen, artisans, labourers, would follow. The lesser streets could be planned afterwards round the grand squares. So Cockerell's Sussex Square, Crake's Hyde Park Gardens and the development along Maida Hill sounded the note of stucco splendour and this was repeated again and again in cheaper fashion all over the town; even the newest red brick is set in great boulevards and sweeping crescents following the aristocratic tradition of seventeenth century baroque London. It was a town for "carriage"-people and those who served them, a place for the display and the measurement of wealth—the enormous mews and solid stables, the length of stairs requiring numbers of servants to carry coals and hot water cans to upper floors, the spacious wine cellars and larders, and the well-lit upstairs drawing rooms which were showrooms for precious objects and pictures. All the magnificence of the Forsyte civilization was here set out and framed; the whole town was dedicated to its service.

The distribution of grass and trees in this town is significant. The finest houses (the future homes of the directorate classes) are the most accessible to either Hyde Park or Regents Park and they have as well gardens of their own or else stately "square" gardens (private open spaces under lock and key and surrounded by high hair-pin fences). When the lesser squares were designed for the lesser gentry like Queen's Gardens, Westbourne Square and St. Stephen's Square, although true

to the palladian pattern, the "square" gardens were shrunk to thin parallelograms or tiny triangles. The Clarendon Street area which was designed for the homes of tradesmen, but quickly became a notorious slum, has no grass at all although there are mews and stables. The terraces back onto each other so closely that the backyards are like pits. So well did the original designers economize land here that at a later date the L.C.C. was obliged to put some playgrounds on the roofs of its schools. The working class areas designed at this time were completely bare of grass and trees.

The churches of patrician Paddington give us an insight into Victorian and Edwardian England. As soon as this great residential town was complete a period of church building began in the forties and fifties. These churches were built for large congregations. Sunday morning was a social event and all fashionable London came; a census taken by the *Daily News* on Sunday, December 7, 1902, showed Christ Church headed the list with a congregation of 1,825, St. Matthews 1,601, St. Stephens 1,576. These churches were a part of family life, they were beautified and ornamented by gifts from the people of the squares. From the churches flowed many charities and here were recruited the single ladies of the great families for service to the poor. On the walls of the churches are memorials to sons killed in action on the various battlefields of the Empire from the first Afghan War, down the years, to the Great War.

There was no economy of land in siting the churches, these models of Gothic styles have space all round and vistas of approach such as few cathedrals have been spared. Yet on little snippets of land tucked away in awkward corners are the church schools built at the same time for the working classes and, to the lasting reproach of the Church in Paddington, some of these were built upon stilts with underground playgrounds —one of them is within a stone's throw of Sussex Square; one church school has no playground at all.* Out of their opulence the Mid-Victorians gave the schools to perpetuate education; the generations up to 1940 have, by their acquiescence, perpetuated in stone the standards of the eighteen-forties.

In the twentieth century the area of magnificence began to diminish and after the Great War the hotel and apartment-house industry became one of the largest in the district; the great single-family houses changed their user. Also many

*The church to which this school belonged was the first church in Paddington to receive one of Hitler's bombs.

houses were converted into flats. The old baroque shell was adapted to two social changes. First the inter-war drop in incomes and the heavy taxation. Secondly the break-up of the family itself into small units; the 1931 census showed a remarkable increase in the number of separate small households of ones and twos: the daughter-at-home had become almost extinct, the independent elderly women launched themselves on hotel and club life; this change was evident all the way down the social scale and Old Age Pensions enabled the grandparents to disappear from the young couples' homes and to have locks and keys of their own.

Yet despite this contraction of the wealthy area a large part of Paddington-by-the-Park remained as it was in the Victorian and Edwardian ages. This smaller area probably represented greater wealth than before. Taxation was heavier and a larger income was required to keep up the standard of living. There were fewer children but these were more expensively kept and there was more travel to week-end country houses. Fewer servants were employed but there was a large expenditure on labour-saving devices and capital equipment of the houses. Probably houses changed hands more often and each time they were remodelled "to taste". One old inhabitant grumbled that the house next door to his had been "done up" so often in the past ten years by successive stockbrokers that as much must have been spent on decoration as would have bought the land of a whole Scottish county.

Superlative blocks of flats stand like fortresses along the two arterial traffic routes which border two sides of this area. Some of the rich preferred to slough off a measure of responsibility and to live in these hives above the roar of traffic. Here some small rooms could be obtained at rentals of about £1,000 a year plus heavy establishment charges such as restaurant meals and service. In these, fragments of the old diurnal rhythms of liveried service, elaborate meals and social engagements were preserved at enormous cost. In spite of taxation there were people who thought it worth the outlay.

In the mid-nineteen thirties speculators began to build in the best squares, cheek by jowl with the stucco palaces, and with little regard for symmetry, small brick three-storied houses. These houses were designed to tempt the young rich couples who as the victims of death duties could not be expected to keep up the state of their fathers. The butler is supposed to sleep out and the houses can be run with little hired labour; there is a concession to humanitarian principles in that the

kitchens are semi-basement or even on pavement level. The houses are advertised as "Georgian type bijou residences", they have steel framed casement windows; mediæval stone arches have been brought from ruins to decorate the drawing room embrasures and in these alcoves permanent cocktail bars have been nattily installed! The rentals are £400-£500 per annum or £700 for a 96 years' lease and a ground rent of £78.

The little houses do not appear to have gone at all well. The speculative builders evidently made a shockingly false interpretation of effective demand. The Munich crisis brought all new luxury development of this kind to a standstill.

Who are the rich people who live in these elegant houses and flats near the Park? Stockbrokers, bankers, owners of mines, dockyards, railways, land, factories, ships, plantations, cinemas, racing tracks, multiple shops, hotels all over the world; a sprinkling of ex-governors of parts of the Empire, retired admirals and generals, retired colonial administrators; and a large number of the upper reaches of Whitehall's servants. In fact part of the Directorate of England and her Empire.

The Great Dispersion of government offices and business firms accompanied by the scattering of the wives and families of the Directors of England has made the grand squares as lifeless as Pompeii.* The second exodus of May, 1940, and the blitzkrieg of September, 1940, completed the process. In one square there are 28 stucco houses and half a dozen new bijou houses; all of the latter are empty, all except two of the old houses are shut up and 12 are "to let or sell". Another square of 21 old houses has 18 houses which show boards "to let or sell" and very few are inhabited except for the caretakers. A crescent of 40 houses has 21 boards up. Last spring there was hardly a painter's ladder to be seen in Paddington-by-the-Park. In contrast to the working class districts there are scarcely any children. To walk out in these streets with a child is like going out with a marmoset; strangers stop and stare and say, "Fancy! there's a child".

In Paddington this Dispersion of the Directorate left a trail of hardship. Unemployment among those workers dependent upon patrician Paddington was severe especially during the first winter when war industry had hardly begun to absorb the surplus labour. Shops and businesses had to close down. Members of learned professions had to seek other employment.

*It must be remembered that civil servants were compulsorily dispersed.

Before the war many long leases had come to an end and owing to the international situation following the Munich crisis the financing of the landlords' plan for redevelopment had been held up. As a result Paddington had more "empties" than any other borough in London and the local authority was heading towards bankruptcy. The emptying of the most valuable property since the war has made the position much more serious. This year the local "Chancellor" has had to raise the rates again, the number of defaulters increases and a low proportion of the rates will be collected. The early symptoms of a "distressed area" are present. Some of the large empty houses of Paddington-by-the-Park have been requisitioned for East Enders' billets and for other homeless people; the Ministry of Health will be responsible for the rent and rates of these.

After the war the ground landlord—if the centuries'-old London system still holds good—will benefit. Possibly he will not be in quite so good a position after this war as after previous wars, but in comparison to others he will be fortunate. Owing to the phenomenal fall in property values during the war, the leases which have not yet terminated will be bought in for very little. In the hundred years since the leases started London has changed beyond recognition, local government has secured protection to health, life and property and has added enormously to comfort and convenience; this has been paid for largely by the ground landlord's tenants through the rates; he, therefore, will have returned to him not only such buildings with their capital improvements as Hitler leaves unbombed, but sites, the values of which have been piled up by other people. Furthermore he will have the opportunity, having received ground rents over the hundred years, to revalue the ground rents and to charge more during the next hundred years.

The ground landlords will not themselves decide the new form of living which is to be offered to Paddington. They will, through their land agents, in the manner of London Landlords, look round for new building promoters, who, capitalized by those who have made money out of the war, will be eager to buy new building leases and they will engage such architects as have survived either death on the battlefield or death by starvation. This strange combination of absentee ground landlord, land agent, building promoter, absentee lender of money and salaried architect will interpret the needs of the new age—the very people who in the past have anticipated the

demands of even their best customers so badly as to have dozens of " Georgian type bijou houses " left on their hands.

* * * * *

The occupations to which the wage earners of Paddington belong are:—1. The personal service of patrician Paddington. 2. The distributive trades, *i.e.* the service of hotels, restaurants, cinemas, flats, shops of the West End, garages and taxis, coal distribution and laundries. 3. The building trades especially the luxury end. 4. Transport, *i.e.* the G.W.R., the Grand Union Canal and the L.P.T.B. For the most part the workers do the unskilled, lowpaid, labouring parts of these industries. For instance they are charwomen, kitchen porters, night watchmen, coal-cart men, painters' labourers; the Queen's Park estate on the borders of Willesden is the only considerable artisan quarter in the borough.

The wage earners' quarters of Paddington consist of those which were built for them by design last century; and those which have become their's by a process of infiltration: large single family houses now divided into tenements. Both types of district are on the whole dirty, dilapidated and expensive. The local authority has been lazy in the administration of the Public Health bye-laws and the Housing Acts so that the landlords were not forced to repair; dilapidated weekly rented property, up to the outbreak of war, still was a highly profitable investment, and commanded a high price in the local property market.

During the inter-war period Paddington was notorious for its overcrowding; for many years it had the highest infant mortality rate in London, and its record for maternal mortality rates is not a good one; the incidence of infectious and death-dealing diseases, including tuberculosis, in the overcrowded wards of the borough are heavy. All the familiar signs of a poverty stricken community are apparent.

The spate of housing legislation of the inter-war period did have some visible effect on Paddington towards the end of the nineteen-thirties. The borough council's subsidized flats are negligible in number but a considerable decrowding took place to the London County Council's out-county estates. This did not help the poorest or those with large families because they were not able to face the expenses of suburban life. The worker was frequently given a Hobson's Choice of dirty, expensive accommodation in Paddington or clean, expensive accommodation outside, plus heavy fares to work, plus dear shopping in the suburbs. The result was those who left were

usually the skilled and highly paid workers leaving a residue of the unskilled, the poorly paid, the casual and intermittent workers, the old and couples with large numbers of dependent children—those who make the heaviest calls upon the social services.

The distress of the first winter of the war will remain a lively memory in the minds of all social workers. The severe unemployment, particularly among women,—always a calamity in low waged districts; the rise in prices especially food, coal and gas, the lack of a correspondingly large rise in the Unemployment Benefit, in Unemployment Assistance Benefit and in Public Assistance, the smallness of the Separation Allowances and the bitter weather all combined to make life tragic. The evacuation of civilian Hospitals, the school evacuation and the closing of the schools laid bare the stresses of life as it is lived in the back streets and revealed how unsuited our economy was for the experiment. The return of tuberculous and incurable patients to their homes in crowded slum areas, there to add to the dangers and privations of their families, was one of the most callous pieces of war muddle. The damage done to the health of school children by the winter's arrangements was revealed when a number of local schools were opened in April, 1940, for part-time compulsory education; the children arrived crying with toothache and earache, the teachers found them listless, verminous and undernourished, habits of work broken, past lessons forgotten. The summer saw a vast improvement in organization and a more vigorous sense of social justice has quickened counsel.

Now the Battle for London has thrown such a lurid light upon the conditions of the poor in Paddington, as elsewhere, that no one can avoid seeing the social crimes of the past for what they are. In Paddington the homes of the wage earners, the hospitals, the elementary schools, even the new subsidized flats are for the most part touching the military objectives, huddled close along the railway lines, the goods yards, by the canal—wherever land was cheap, on awkward sites that no one wanted for other purposes; the wage earners and their families are in more constant danger than others, the sites of their homes more exposed, their shelters overcrowded. The evil smelling Tubes, the rigours of rest centres and public shelters is teaching the most unthinking, in dramatic terms, the danger from epidemics which overcrowding brings. The sleep of the industrial worker has assumed military importance. Even to those who know well the lives of the poor a new light has been

cast upon their values: the dazed condition of the homeless, their fierce possessiveness and passionate regret at the loss of chattels and familiar surroundings, the degree of fear and discomfort that they will endure before facing the break-up of the family unit. All these are psychological factors which will be of real importance in rebuilding a new Paddington.

* * * * *

We are fighting for a new world order, a world where men shall be freed from exploitation. The master plan of our cities must be noble and must provide a spacious life for all the citizens. As we have already seen under the old system a fortuitously chosen collection of people (with motives heavily weighted on the side of financial advantage) would be entrusted to plan the new London and to attract the right quantities of the right citizens to Paddington, to judge the future of industry and to estimate the appropriate number of workers' houses which would be required. The three hundred and fifty-five local governing institutions of London are curiously dependent upon the decisions of the ground landlords and their financiers; these institutions will touch the lives of the industrial workers on many different sides including the repair of their demolished homes, slum clearance and rebuilding, the provision of schools and the health services. Dare we leave the siting of the industrial workers' homes of the future to this forty-year old hotch-potch of London's local government? Dare we leave the planning of the new world to those same people in town and county halls who have shown such a singularly parochial outlook even in the midst of battle?

We must take town planning, the housing of the community and the siting of industry and commerce away from town hall minds and from the sectional interests of landlord and moneylender; it should be given to a regional governing authority for London which can look at the needs of London's industry and commerce as a whole and relate it to the healthiest and best use of its citizens.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A TOUT seigneur, tout honneur: President Roosevelt first citizen of the United States, and first to become so for the third time, holds a position to which none other is comparable. Hitler was able to make this war; President Roosevelt may decide the issue of it. Whether that can be done without direct military intervention remains to be seen, and clearly he cannot of his own volition undertake military action. But it remains also to be seen whether public opinion in the United States—which can be powerfully influenced by President Roosevelt—will allow the war to end in stalemate, or even in the defeat of England, and of those who stand or fall with England. At present it looks as if America would be disappointed unless Martinique were occupied, and would be furiously angry if a German-controlled France were allowed to carry out of its harbour the ships of war there at present—and the forty millions of gold.

* * * * *

Salute to Greece

But having given to America's great event the due priority, I pass to a theme where there is no need to speculate on future possibilities. Greece has acted nobly and boldly; and as I had been taught to expect, General Metaxas has shown himself both statesman and soldier. Recollections of Norway, where for a moment hopes were high on the opening of a new field of action, make one cautious against too quick response; Mr. Churchill was among the hopeful then; to-day he is studiously cautious. Then, Great Britain had a powerful ally; to-day she has only Greece, and the scattered braves of defeated nations to eke out her effort. But at least she has Greece, which appears to be a country without a Quisling. Greek history indeed can produce many classical examples of such treason, but it seems that adversity has been a fine school for the modern Hellenes; and to say truth, I think that a Quisling would get short shift

to-day in Athens—or in any place where the Greek flag flies. It seems also—or rather it is clear—that Greek troops are not only fighting with valour; they show first-rate military brains in a region where courageous and clever infantry can get the better of tanks and are not easily targets for aeroplane attack. Still, the Finns put up an amazing resistance; and the odds against Greece are hardly less heavy—for it is not only with Italy that they must reckon; if it were, they would already have Yugoslavia's formidable aid. Greece would be foredoomed were it not that unlike Finland she can count on help. Turkey at the least will hold off Bulgaria, which means much. But the sea is open to the British navy, and the Greek islands afford new bases for so much of the R.A.F. as can be spared. Greece is far indeed from having to fight the war single-handed; and I repeat what has been said already here; the decision of General Metaxas to face the risk not only shows that he counted absolutely on loyal fulfilment of Great Britain's pledge; it shows that this very shrewd and able ruler, deeply impressed by Germany's military efficiency, still decided that to stand in with England was a course which a wise man could take. How many in Europe would have been so bold?

Spain's seizure of Tangier presents a whole string of problems. In itself, the management, by an international body was comic rather than admirable; less comic of late than when I knew it five-and-thirty years ago; for then there was no law in Morocco outside town walls and one's rides from Tangier had to be strictly limited. In Tangier nearly anybody could get protection for nearly any action; Westermarck the famous anthropologist, who spent a great part of many years there, was a Finn who hated Russians; but he claimed all the privileges of Russian citizenship and got them extended to the Shereef who was his attendant. However these were happy care-free days, when the only anxiety was lest brigands should capture you and extort a ransom; it becomes a very different story if Spain is to control this strategic point, some twelve miles from Gibraltar, for Spain may at any moment be Germany's ally. However, Spain already holds Ceuta and has held it; and Great Britain would be demanding too much if she claimed sole control of the entrance to the Mediterranean. Her tenure of Gibraltar is fully justified as an essential part in her naval organization which is and has been of untold service to the world—inconveniencing none but piratical powers.

* * * * *

Ireland's Problems

Mr. Churchill has raised angrily in a speech the question of Ireland's "Gibraltars" which were given up, against his opinion, by Mr. Chamberlain. Frankly, I thought then that the risks involved by holding them were greater than those of giving them up —never having considered the possibility of the British fleet at grapple with a power controlling all the western ports of the continent. Mr. Chamberlain sought to conciliate Mr. de Valera, who was however quite explicit; nothing was any use to him but Ulster's head on a charger. I do not think that an unfair way of putting it, for Mr. de Valera has made it quite plain that he, as representing the majority in Ireland, should have the power to declare all Ireland neutral. Anglo-Ireland —the Ireland to which Grattan belonged and for which Grattan spoke—has always refused to contemplate this as possible. Mr. de Valera has succeeded in convincing Anglo-Irish Nationalists like myself that they belong to Ulster rather than to Eire. It does not seem to have been realized by Mr. de Valera that his proposal to Lord Craigavon would be considered in Ulster as an invitation to "reneague"—one of the good Shakespearian words current in Irish speech—and rejected with fierce emphasis. What is more, Lord Craigavon is much too shrewd not to be aware that "Eire" is protected, not by its neutrality, but by the British fleet—to which it bars access to harbours, of which it can make no use. Possibly they are regarded as a bargaining asset; but I hardly think so; Mr. de Valera would be always too much afraid, if he conceded the use of them to Great Britain, that his action would displease those whom he considers the real Irish—whose most stalwart champions he finds obliged to keep in jail. At the same time, an Irish Nationalist must recognize that many things are done in Ulster, as they were in Grattan's Ireland, against Grattan's policy, which desired equal rights for Catholics. A grave protest against one instance of discrimination has been addressed to Mr. Churchill by a group of Irishmen headed by Sir Hubert Gough. The list includes four major-generals, a brigadier, and two colonels (some active , some retired) and three peers (the Duke of St. Albans, and the Earls of Antrim and of Ossory) two of whom are serving soldiers. Law is represented by the Recorder of Derby, and Mr. Maurice Healy, K.C.; amongst several writers and scholars, I note Dr. Helen Waddell. The protest complains that the Imperial Government has left to Lord Craigavon's cabinet the task of making provision for defence equivalent to the Home Guard. By an

unfortunate expedient this new force in Northern Ireland has been embodied as a branch of the "B. special constabulary". Now the B. specials are regarded, I fear rightly, as a thoroughly sectarian body; and some weeks ago an Independent member in the Belfast parliament read a letter from a Colonel in one of the six counties, affirming that offers from Catholic ex-servicemen to join the Defence force were being refused. The same member, Mr. Beatty—who is not a Catholic—recently raised the question of Sir Hubert Gough's protest, but took the line of demanding that Lord Craigavon should prove his patriotism by closing with Mr. de Valera's offer and ending partition. Lord Craigavon had no difficulty in showing that this involved deserting the British cause, and went on to observe that, while it was a good thing to have Ireland governed by Irishmen, there were two Irelands and no one man could govern them both. Mr. de Valera's policy in all its branches offers many arguments for this view. But while Lord Craigavon was arguing thus, he contrived to evade completely the question whether a branch of the B. specials was a proper equivalent for the Home Guard.

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Napier in Greece

Those who may be curious to get some impression of Great Britain's previous intercourse with the Ionian islands should look up William Napier's Life of his brother Sir Charles. There are four volumes of it, but twice in my life I have met men who described it as the most interesting book in the language—and I was inclined to agree. Everybody knows William Napier's merit as a prose writer; but in letter writing Charles was even the more vivid of the two. One of the various odd jobs that he was set between his early Peninsular period (nobody that ever read it can forget his account of the battle of Corunna) and the later phase in which he became the conqueror of Scinde, was governorship of the Ionian islands—at a time when the fight for Greek independence was coming to a head. He met Byron, in Byron's last and most glorious days; but what I recall at present (alas, the book is not within my reach) is the picture he gives of Greeks, by no means a civil or law-abiding population, yet unbroken by centuries of Turkish rule. They had been the underdog for too long; but Napier—always champion of the underdog, whether he was dealing with Chartists in Great Britain or Scindian peasants, plundered by their amirs—had a special affection for an underdog that con-

tinued to show his teeth. There are roads which Napier made in the islands, and if they serve for the wheels of British guns employed to assist a valiant Greece against an aggressive Rome, I hope that Napier's ghost may be aware of it. It is an honourable episode in British history that her troops should be welcomed back as allies and liberators to a territory which they once held, and which they voluntarily handed back to the race which rightfully owned it.

* * * * *

Encouragement

China's continuing resistance is assuredly one of the most remarkable phenomena in all military records. Anything like accurate information is impossible to secure in the present conditions, but about one essential fact there is no doubt; China goes on fighting, with unbroken resolution. The collapse of France has knocked away one pillar of the somewhat arbitrary structure that Europe built up in the Far East; and clearly England cannot rebuild it. What America may think it necessary to do, in order that Japanese power may not spread too arrogantly, remains among the secrets kept by President Roosevelt; but here again there is one certainty; Japan would have much preferred a change of presidents. It seems probable that the United States, having gone into council with Canada to concert common action, will be disposed to enter into similar discussions with Australia, as something like a neighbour English-speaking power, concerned for peace in the Pacific.

It is said also that the re-election has determined a good many Frenchmen, who still hesitated; they have now thrown in their lot decisively with General de Gaulle. They know Mr. Roosevelt's policy and count on a continuance; Mr. Willkie's interpretation of America's goodwill to Britain might have been the same; but, again, it might not. At all events, those deeply interested construe America's decision as increasing the chances of victory for the France which General de Gaulle represents. Owing to the nature of the case, the forces which he controls are more widely dispersed than those of the Poles or the Czechs; but in consequence they have many more rallying points and one success anywhere might bring in a flood of recruits from many quarters and to many centres. Unhappily it seems that the lamentable duty carried out at Oran has left the French navy thoroughly ill-disposed to Great Britain; and there are grounds for believing that if France is not drawn into actual hostilities against us, it will be through

the restraining influence of Marshal Pétain. That plunge could not be taken without an assent which it is not believed he would ever give.

* * * * *

Mr. Chamberlain did not long survive his throwing off the harness, which had probably become almost a part of his being.

Mr. Chamberlain

It is strange to think that Joseph Chamberlain's son should have become the most completely trusted leader that the Conservative Party has known since the great Lord Salisbury. Neither Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law nor Mr. Baldwin, ever, I should say, gave such complete satisfaction to his following as this business man from Birmingham, who was nearly fifty when he entered the House of Commons. Without Mr. Balfour's intellectual distinction, or Lord Baldwin's even more notable literary gift, and without Mr. Bonar Law's power of hard hitting, he had qualities which would have made him perhaps a better Prime Minister than any one of them—in times of peace. As it was, he conspicuously failed to adapt policy to armament. He was none the less English for that.

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THE CRIMINAL AT HOME

By John Armitage

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF CRIME IN ENGLAND BETWEEN THE WARS, by Dr. Hermann Mannheim. *Allen and Unwin.* 18*s.*

The relation between the criminal activities of prisoners and their home surroundings and upbringing has long been regarded as of the utmost importance, particularly with regard to juvenile delinquency, but until the present no one has attempted the task of assessing the influence of recent social disorders on the problem of crime. Dr. Mannheim has now come forward to lay the foundation stone of this new research. His book is, perhaps, the most valuable single contribution to sociological knowledge since the publication of the Pilgrim Trust Survey of Unemployment in *Men Without Work.* In a sturdy but by no means forbidding volume he covers an immense amount of ground and, while satisfying his fellow criminologists with detailed statements and copious references, he attracts the more general reader by the broad human interest of his thesis.

Dr. Mannheim begins with a long discussion on the structure of English criminal statistics and their interpretation. The general reader will find this part of the book least interesting, but he should persevere for the sake of the better understanding it will give of what is to follow. Dr. Mannheim makes some criticisms of the statistics and suggests some improvements for the assistance of social investigators; he points out that comparison between areas is made more difficult because of the difference in the way the law is implemented.

Although a low standard of living and general poverty may have considerable bearing on petty crime, it is the deterioration in economic status which leads more swiftly to serious delinquency. The effect of the last war was to provide many people with unusually high wages, the effect of the peace to take away those wages, perhaps partially, perhaps altogether. This gave rise to much dissatisfaction and when there are added to large numbers of wage-earners in reduced circumstances many demobilized soldiers who are looking, at first anxiously and then angrily, for the land which is fit for heroes, trouble is brewing. As Dr. Mannheim submits :

> The men in the services had constantly been in charge of State property; they had had to rely on the State's provision of every necessity of life, and, in return, they had had to sacrifice everything for the State. Little wonder, then, that some of them became imbued—in differing degrees according to their antecedents and strength

of character—with the idea that the State was under a moral obligation to supply them with everything they needed. If the State failed to fulfil this duty, they had the right to help themselves.

Professor Huizinga in his important book *In The Shadow of Tomorrow* shows that one of the distempers of our time is the decline of moral judgment. We see that point brought out most clearly in Dr. Mannheim's volume as he illustrates how the man, who would not rob his fellow, fails to apply this maxim when faced with an automatic machine or impersonal bodies, such as railway companies. The relation between crime and unemployment is by no means easy to decide, but it seems clear that the greatest danger lies in the discontent created by changed conditions and the progressive deterioration from optimism to pessimism and from pessimism to fatalism.

It is a somewhat different story when the juvenile delinquent is considered, The absence of regular work during the years between the wars has had a serious effect upon the character of the young unemployed, while those engaged on blind alley occupations were not much better off. Methods of business administration (a chapter is devoted to it) must bear considerable responsibility for crime, particularly juvenile crime. We have already referred to the automatic machine, but there is also the departmental store which makes 'lifting' comparatively easy, while the hire-purchase system is often an evil both for the purchaser and the salesman.

The chapters on Juvenile Delinquency with their many examples taken from Borstal records will be found absorbing. There is much evidence of the inferiority complex leading to crime and of bad home life; there is also the story of the young electrician who, after two years of unemployment, "turned burglar" and concluded his statement "I feel I am *somebody*, and I certainly never felt that during my two years of honest idleness".

For this book, at such a time. Dr. Mannheim and the publishers deserve our thanks.

REMOVE THE SHACKLES, by A. G. McGregor. *Pitman.* 5*s.*

GERMAN ECONOMY, by Gustav Stolper. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. McGregor has reduced to very simple conditions his conception of what ought to constitute the modern state. He believes that all public services and public utilities should be under effective Government control, the emphasis being on the word "effective"; that wages in industry generally should be regulated by a wage board which would base its policy more or less on the wholesale price level; that the gold standard should be abandoned permanently and its place taken by a currency, the value of which would fluctuate according to the state of balance as between exports and imports. A certain degree of international regulation might be attempted by a body not unlike the Bank of International Settlements, with rather more definite and more extensive powers at the same time. If wages were kept at a level which would not victimize labour, but would, in effect, maintain stability as between the value of production and the value of wages, the fluctuations in the trade cycle would tend to disappear, and there would be a continuous increase in national

production leading to the disappearance of unemployment.

In those proposals as a whole there is nothing very revolutionary, but the book is extremely interesting rather in the critical footnotes it appends to the discussion of the main questions. The author's encounter with American big business was disappointing. To expect the American business man to agree to anything that had a remote resemblance to even the less liberal phases of the New Deal was to show extraordinary trust in a divine and ever-intelligent providence. The conservatism of American industry is only slightly less than that of British bureaucracy and one has a certain sardonic pleasure in viewing the attempts of American industry to back up the efforts of the liberal minded President and the confused struggle of an unconvinced British bureaucracy to meet on purely conservative lines the revolutionary requirements of a world war. On that aspect the author is extremely interesting and on the whole very sound, but it is rather piquant to find the proposals that were rejected, for example, by Mr. Moulton of the Brookings Institution, illustrated so perfectly in the war methods adopted *vis-a-vis* British agriculture.

The main thesis of the book could have been expressed in less space than the author has given, but it is in a sense regrettable that he should not have carried his analysis of our economic system, particularly during the war, very much further. For such an analysis he is peculiarly well fitted.

Dr. Stolper, whose enlightened editorship of the *Deutscher Volkswirt* will be remembered with admiration and gratitude by those who had the privilege of contributing to its columns before the advent of Hitler, has now supplemented and clarified to some considerable extent the survey of German economy which Dr. Brook published some time ago.

The two books give a singularly clear and convincing picture of the evolution of modern German industry, and particularly its association with German political and industrial imperialism. We have never had it sufficiently clear in our minds, in this country at least, that German industry has always had a much greater political power than industry in any other country, with the possible exception of France, and that power has been welded by individuals determined on the one hand to keep down labour and on the other to force the German way of living on Europe and the rest of the world. Where German industrialists have over-reached themselves, and Stolper's analysis is very valuable on this point, has been in their estimate of world reaction towards what were blatantly selfish aims. The belief held by German politicians, even of the liberal school, that material achievement ought to condone moral unscrupulousness and that it was the duty of the rest of the world to further German achievement because the results of it apparently added to the material welfare of humanity, is one which has been held by all kinds of German politicians. It is not the peculiar obsession of men like Bismarck or Hitler; it was held by Rathenau and Brüning.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about the survey over the seventy years, 1870 to 1940, is that it shows no

serious interruptions, no serious reversions of policy, and certainly no serious interruption of tendencies. Nazi Germany appears to be the culmination of the movement which began with the German Customs Union. If this is so, and there is nothing in the book which leads us to think otherwise, the prospect after the Hitler régime has departed is not altogether promising, assuming of course that Germany is allowed to remain not only an undivided and unbroken state, but also in control of Europe.

Dr. Stolper makes no attempt to forecast what will happen, and he carries his survey no further forward than the beginning of the world war. The period after September, 1939, will be, on the whole, more important for the history of the world than the whole seventy years before it, and it may be that Dr. Stolper, even on the other side of the Atlantic, will be able to carry out a further work of analysis in advance and indicate what may be expected from the Germany of the post-Hitler régime.

HUGH QUIGLEY.

A KEY TO VICTORY: SPAIN. Victory Books No. 9. By Charles Duff. *Gollancz.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Among the many misapprehensions current about Spain is the idea that the men in charge of Spanish policy are on the brink of coming into war on the side of the Axis and at Hitler's bidding. In the first place the exhausted state of the country makes participation in a military sense quite impossible, food and oil supplies being obtainable only by the grace of the British Navy; and, moreover, there is enough latent hostility to the Franco régime—not all Republicans are in exile or in prison—to make it unsafe to risk a renewal of civil war. Secondly, if Spain *were* a declared enemy, Britain would be presented with a field of operations from which Hitler's new European order might well be shattered, as Napoleon's was. The point is, however, that Hitler is not asking for Spain's participation, he fully appreciates that at present Spain would be more of a liability than an asset. General Franco is far more useful to him as a non-belligerent associate, much in the same way as the U.S.A. is helping Britain, giving all aid short of war.

Mr. Charles Duff is under no such illusion. But he looks at the question through the other end of the telescope, so to speak. If only the British Government would realize that "Codlin's our friend not Short"—in other words, that our national interests are bound up with those of the democratic elements of Spain—what a chance for us to open up the present deadlock by launching, from Portugal, into a new Peninsular war (which would be over in a matter of weeks, he suggests), to liberate Spain *and* France from the yoke of the Axis! Then the way would be open for an alliance with Spain, similar to that which we have with Portugal, and the Mediterranean is made safe for democracy. It is indeed a roseate vision, and one cannot quarrel with the thesis—as a matter of theory. But one must point out certain difficulties. First of all Portugal might not be so pleased, since Dr. Salazar's policy is built up entirely on keeping the peninsula out of the war-zone. And Britain is no more likely to ride roughshod over Portuguese neutrality than she is to seize Irish bases. It may be regrettable,

but it is a fact—we don't do that sort of thing! And, although I agree completely with the author that British interests are bound up with those of a Spain that is democratic, the fact remains that official Britain started on the wrong road at the beginning of the civil war with its monstrous non-intervention expedient, and I just cannot believe that a British Government can be found which will abjure the whole orientation of the past two or three years, *i.e.*, "appeasement" and flattery of Franco and the anti-democratic elements. The very first thing necessary would be a democratization of the diplomatic service, as Mr. Bevin has suggested—but that is going to take some time!

Apart from this pipe-dream, which, though it only occupies ten pages or so at the end, is the *raison d'être* of the book, Mr. Duff gives us a fair enough picture of a "stubborn, restless and rebellious" people with a genius for resistance—as Napoleon discovered. He provides a little distilled history, followed by a brief and superficial sketch of the civil war and of the "uneasy" conditions of so-called Nationalist Spain. And he is right about Spain's authentic democratic tradition. But we shall have to remove the caste element from British society—in short introduce democracy at home—before we can do anything about it.

W. Horsfall Carter.

EUROPE'S APPRENTICESHIP, by G. G. Coulton. *Nelson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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claim originality, is the most interesting. Four stimulating and fully annotated chapters form this portion of the book with the comprehensive title "The Latin Background", laying before the reader with clarity and a wealth of detail the atmosphere in which medieval thinkers lived and worked.

The ignorance and illiteracy which prevailed will be a surprise to the general reader and to many even of the most well-read students, for it is true enough that "the general tendency in our own day is to exaggerate the number and the efficiency of medieval schools". This is well brought out in the second part of this book, entitled "Medieval Scholarship", which the author has inserted to supply a necessary background of information about the schools and colleges of the time for the benefit of the reader either of "The Latin Background" or of the "Examples", which range from the Vulgate to the period just before the Reformation, and form the third and largest part of the book. For, as the author says, "few readers have studied enough originals for themselves, even in translations, to escape from anachronistic modern impressions": here extracts from originals side by side with translations give the reader a chance to correct some of these impressions, especially in the light of the commentary furnished in the first four chapters.

There is an almost universal belief, here shown to be wholly erroneous, that all educated people studied and understood Latin in those days; how far this is from the truth will be better understood after reading this book. In the Canon of the Mass at the words "*Te igitur, clementissime Pater*, etc. . . .", one priest on being asked what word governed *Te* replied "*Pater*, for He governeth all things"). I think all the same many schoolboys would have envied his reply had they not known the correct answer!). A Bishop finding no mustard on the table exclaimed "*O quanta patimus pro Ecclesia Dei*"; to his guest's correction "*Patimur*", he replied, "it matters little whether we say *patimus* or *patimur*, for both are in the genitive case".

Truly Dr. Coulton is guilty of no exaggeration when he says that some clergy failed to rise above the standard of a modern preparatory school. (Indeed for "above" we might read "up to"!). So we are not surprised in the light of those two tales that an Abbot in 1490 wrote: "I see how all the evils in the Church proceed from the ignorance of the priests", though there is perhaps something more modern in the pluralist Canon's confession: "We run hastily through divine service and we so gabble our reading, our prayers and our psalmody as scarce to pronounce the separate words".

Even the best medieval scholars, it appears, fell back sometimes on the mother tongue, and the naturalness of this was brought home to Dr. Coulton more than fifty years ago in a meeting with a Belgian "who laid great emphasis upon the disadvantage of the bi-lingual conditions of his country". From this came the thought that the mother tongue, in the inmost thoughts even of the most learned men, seems to remain uppermost. The placing of Latin and the vernacular in their due proportion is an interesting theme, and Dr. Coulton supports his arguments with such a wealth of detail that they are entirely convincing. The way in

which the idea is related to conditions in modern Belgium is typical of the many-sidedness of all Dr. Coulton's work, which attracts perhaps by the shrewd comments that illuminate our modern way of living even more than by his great scholarship.

J. F. BURNET.

HAPPY DAYS: 1880-1892, by H. L. Mencken. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

PACK MY BAG, by Henry Green. *The Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Reading these two books together has linked them so firmly that there is nothing for it but to review them together. But the two Henrys thus marching arm in arm are very different little boys.

Henry Mencken was born in 1880 at Baltimore, Maryland, and Henry Green in 1905 somewhere near Tewkesbury Abbey, Gloucestershire. Both came from prosperous families. Mencken's people were cigar manufacturers, and Green's seem to be vaguely aristocratic with trade connections, "the works" not being specified. Both books are autobiography, Mencken's being about Maryland and Henry Mencken, and Green's about Henry Green. But their fundamental difference is that Mencken was a happy child and Green was not. This extends even to the style of both.

Mencken uses a ponderous humour which nevertheless is highly entertaining. He conducts the reader through his school days at F. Knapp's Institute, incidentally delivering much light-hearted information about the Baltimore of the eighties. Picnics, trips to nearby Washington and far away Ohio, "memorials of gormandizing", first

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a step in crime, the discovery that he could run, the present of a printing press which determined the whole course of his life, the livery stables where he learnt to drive his father's trotter—to the envy of that lovable and ludicrous parent : these are some of his livelier recollections. The chapter in which he paints an entrancing picture of grandfather Mencken, and the three which he calls *Larval Stages of a Bookworm, First Steps in Divinity* and *The Ruin of an Artist*, deserve detailed notice. The second and third show again that generations of small children share common experiences; one greets with delighted recognition the same books and hymns. In the fourth, perhaps the only touch of sadness is to be found. He states that the lack of a sound musical education has been the great deprivation of his life. His proofs are convincing and, when he says although "I have written and printed probably 10,000,000 words of English . . . . . I shall die an inarticulate man, for my best ideas have beset me in a language I know only vaguely and speak only like a child", the sigh is plain to hear.

Happy Days is a calculated piece of work. *Pack My Bag* was obviously written in a frantic race against time. Henry Green began it in 1938 with these words, "I was born . . . . . three years after one war and nine before another, too late for both. But not too late for the war which seems to be coming upon us now and that is a reason to put down what comes to mind before one is killed". So his impressions of life, passionate, sincere, heart-searching, tumble out headlong. There is probably not a smile in the book, with the possible exception of the account of the school orchestra.

He goes beyond the first twelve years that Mr. Mencken allows himself, to the time he left Oxford. And it is only at the point when he leaves his public school, but fifty pages before the end, that one's absorbed interest begins to waver. Oxford seemed a futile record, and the eternal drinking a bore to read about. But the greater part is filled with thoughtful sayings. Whether he talks of fear, of war-time hysteria, of self-pity, of friends who die, of girls, of loneliness, of games, he is always worth hearing. As most of the book deals with his worries at private and public school it is not unfair to wonder whether Green's extravagant behaviour at Oxford was not the psychological consequence of such a troubled background. His months in France polishing the language seem fantastic and even obscure. Apparently he drifted through the university in this mood, and it is not until the very end, when he does real manual labour for the first time, at "the works", that his sombreness gives ground. He is able to say at this stage, "I began to learn how little money means except security". His last paragraph, too good to despoil, is a welcome reassurance that all is now well with Henry Green.

Mencken's book, then, described exactly by its title, is a record of more spacious and glowing times. When Green says *Pack My Bag* he is making ready to leave unpleasant memories knowing he may be debarred from an even more unpleasant future. Both books are equal in appeal. They are books to keep and go back to: I know of no better recommendation.

GEA MORRIS.

LIGHTER THAN DAY, by Desmond Hawkins. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TWILIGHT IN DELHI, by Ahmed Ali. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE LAST HUNT, by Maurice Genevoix. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Desmond Hawkins' performance in *Lighter Than Day* is interesting; but more interesting, I should say, to a fellow worker than perhaps it can be to the general reader. The whole performance is that of the intellectual mind probing with a gentle stylish stiletto at the living tissues, at the anatomy and nerves of a group of characters who give the impression of having been captured rather than created; it has in it some of the inquisitive (as opposed to inquisitional) cruelty of a boy who removes one by one the wings, legs and antennæ of an insect, and observes its reactions under a microscope. The novel is set in a south of England country town; the social strata is that of the "comfortable classes, in a pattern of days predictable with great accuracy"; the main characters, two brothers, represent that unwanted generation that was too young for one war and too old for another. Their life, a life of "latent restlessness and revolutionary temper", does not need piecing together; we know it too well—the family tennis parties, the family friction, the life of the local road-house, the girls, the frantic struggle not to be bored; it is a life that essentially asks to be pulled apart. Thus the book is, it seems to me, an expression of a destructive element; in the fire which forms the anti-climax much more than the Hawtrey's house is burned, much more than "all our little world" has fallen

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to pieces. The fire, and a great many more things in this book are symbolical; the world between the wars has been destroyed, the tissues on which Mr. Hawkins works with such brilliant analytical conceits are in reality already mummified. What goes into their place? "I do have horrible fears, sometimes, Maud," writes the dear mother at the very last, "that the world will never be quite the *same* again for us."

In India Mr. Ahmed Ali depicts a life more warmly created than Mr. Hawkins', and to us more touched with poetry because of its unfamiliarity, but once again a life that is part of a world that in the end is seen to have "fallen to pieces . . . . smothered by indifference and death". During the last few years there has sprung up a school of Indian literature, written by native writers in English, which has great distinction. Such works as these make me feel that we have never known India before. Mr. Ahmed Ali's book, tender, delicate, subtly flavoured with the aroma of jasmine garlands and gutters, shows us the life of a Delhi family, with its problems of marriage, tradition and progress, in such an intimate way and with such beauty of feeling that beside it almost all the work of Anglo-Indian writers looks meretricious and false.

The difficulties of the animal story, in which events are seen emotionally, through the victimized animal eyes, are endless. It is very rarely that such stories escape a heavy bias of sentimentalism, pity or a subjective, naïve poetry. Mr. Maurice Genevoix's story of a stricken deer has perhaps suffered in translation, but to me it appears overcharged with some rather woolly emotion expressed by means of stereotyped poetry. The descriptions of the countryside are, however, excellent; the woods of France in which the red deer is born, hunted and befriended by the hunter who finally kills it are drawn by an eye keenly sensitive to every sight, sound. mood and colour.

H. E. Bates.

THE INTERNMENT OF ALIENS, by F. Lafitte. *Penguin Books*. 6*d*.

Here is the whole horrible tale in full. The details are revolting, but it is not the details that matter. It is the principle of wholesale internment of those who had sought sanctuary in Great Britain only to find that their haven, peopled in 1938 and 1939 by humanitarian John Bulls and sisters of mercy, was, in 1940, yet another home of oppression. The public are much to blame. In the years preceding the outbreak of war they poured out their sympathy and money, speaking their horror in the name of Christ and every moral precept, yet in 1940 their sympathy was exhausted by other causes and their cash flowed in new directions. Nor can we gain the smallest consolation from recent releases. That some innocent should be let out is good, but the mainspring of release is not justice but ill-health and usefulness; the healthy rank and file of no particular merit are left to languish.

Mr. Lafitte does not spare us. He rubs salt into the open wound and leaves us smarting. Yet if he succeeds in making half of his many readers ashamed he will have done good service. His book is both to the point and accurate.

J.A.